



JEM DANDY

Step right this way for the Jem Dandy carnival of cuties next month. See the beautiful girl in the waterfall and a host of other startling features in the April (Spring is Here!) issue of JEM. On every newsstand. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!







"Oh! that we two were Maying





Down the stream of the soft Spring breeze; Like children with violets playing, In the shade of the whispering trees."

Diana Weber





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Adrian Fedor

publisher editor

> art director associate art director art production





DIAMOND

DUST

Ir wortup be difficult, to put it middly, to assemble a potpourri such as Diamond Duat if it weren't for the unwitting assistance of the hright young New York executives of the Madison Avenue-Ivy League type. These sterling assets of the business and advertising world provide much of the grist for our mill.

Just recently one of them found himself in the doghouse through a trifling lapse of memory and an innocent slip of the tongue which involved no actual moral sinning whatsoever on his part.

It seems the height young man who was, to the naked eye at least, happily married, invited several of his colleagues and their wives to his apartment for an evening of conviviality. As the evening wore on, the heat wore out. Finally he could hardly keep his head above the alcoholic

haze that enveloped the party.
"Come on, fellash," he urged his male colleagues, "Lesh huy these
girlsh one more drink then get the hell home to bed."
His wife hasn't spoken to him since. Which just goes to show that

women are most unreasonable creatures.

**

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DAFFY DICTIONARY
virgin (ver jin) n. a female in her declining years.

Of all the people on this troubled old world, the ones we like bestand enry the most—are the Plain People of Pennsylvania. These folks, commonly called Pennsylvania Dutch, live lives almost oblivious to the sias, evils and upsetting influences of the outside world in their own little universe in the vicinity of Lancaster.

The three main branches of the Plain People—the Mennonites, Amish and Brethren or Dunkards—live literally by the Biblical admonition:
"Thou shalt earn thy hread by the sweat of thy hrow." This is interpreted as a Divine command to till the soil and devout (Continued on page 57)



Here's more on JEM'S GATEFOLD GIRL DIANA WEBER who greeted you opening the magazine.



Diana was the Roman
Goddess of the out-of-doors. Our
Diana also is a nature girl, a
water sprite — and a spritely one as
she practices her water
witchery for our photographer.





"Please be extra good to Fred. He has no mother and he's

all we've got," they told her. Hilda had to obey because she was the

MAID OF ALL WORK

By LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN

Hilda was a girl with apple cheeks—much younger than the other maids had been. When Mr. Leiboldt brought her bome, he

presented ber at once to his son.

"Fred, this is Hilda. She's going to take good care of us from now on. And I want you to treat her well."

Although he was almost seventeen, Fred was still too shy to shake bands. He did not catch the girl's last ames, if his father had spoken it. He stared at her capable feet imprisoned in narrow patent-leather shoes with straps. Her cloth coat was cheap, but decent. His glame finally reached Hilda's pretty, delicate features, so unlike those of most Scandinavian maids, and her gentian blue,

long-lashed eyes.

"And Hilds," Mr. Leiboldt added, "Please be extra good to Fred. He has no mother. He's all I've got,"

The last statement was not true. Charles Leiboldt owned the largest house on Maple Avenue. He drove a shining car to business or pleasure. And the aroma of fine cigars that bugged him was always a sign of his affable presuperity.

"Yah, Mr. Leiboldt. I be good to him. . . ."
Hilda's smile was slow, cautious. In Mrs.
Leiboldt's time, the maids had been elderly
and plain. Fred was trying to smile at Hilda
when his Aunt Pauline appeared.

"Ob-and Hilds. This is my sister-in-

law, who lives with us. Miss Miller."

Miss Pauline Miller had whined her way
through forty sour years of spinsterhood.
She looked the girl up and down, nodded
hussauely, and went about her business with-

out another word.

It has fired was doing geometry
with his door ajar, he heard raised voices
downstairs. The whining voice was that of
Aunt Pauline. She had, Fred knew, alway
wanted to marry his father. Perhaps this was
what the quarrel was about, but Fred was
used to Aunt Pauline. Disappointed—that was
her freukle.

Life improved for Fred, with Hida around. She began his day by coming into his room and waking him for school. The odor that came from her as she bent over the bed was that of golden fields swept by northern breezes. Her smile was patient, and soon Fred learned how to smile a little more.

And the meals! Even Aunt Pauline praised Hilda's cooking, and Mr. Leiboldt, who had been eating out during Pauline's reign in the kitchen, took to driving home for lunch. Hilda baked the kind of cakes and cookies that Free liked. There was always a benging platter of rich goodies in the pantry cupboard, which Fred midded at night, or when he came home at mid-afternosis.

One day, however, Fred's classes were dismissed before noon. (Continued on page 47)







Haydee had been gashed with a knife and shot by the gnomish man with a wooden leg. Part of his head was blown away. The woman was dead, the man dying. To Reynolds, it was

a

routine case of murder



By HAROLD HELFER

"THERE'S REEN R murder—a woman's been killed!" said an excited voice as officer Charles Reynolds answered the telephone at the Seminole, Oklahoma, police station.

"Where? What's the address?"

"I don't know exactly what the address is, but there's a hig crowd around already. It's out at Oliver Addition."

"I know that section," said officer Reynolds. "I'll be right out."

Officer Reynolds had had a husy evening, but he called to a fellow policeman, "Take over, Joe. Murder reported out at Oliver Addition. I'll answer the call,"

Five minutes later, Reynolds was pushing his way through the crowd that had collected around the basse of murder. Most of them were around the base where a very pretty young housewife named Haydee lay on the grass. She'd been gashed with a knife and shot. Near her lay a gnomish man with a wooden leg. Part of his head was missing, blown away. The woman was dead, the man dving, Officer Reynold's face went white and his knees seemed to hackle slightly as he took in the grisly sight.

An acquaintance standing nearby whispered, "Steady, Charley, Remember you're a cop..."

It was quite obvious what had happened. The dried up little man with the wooden leg had killed the woman in a savage attack, then turned the gun on himself.

Officer Revnolds took out his notehook and began writing down the details. By the time the ambulance had come to take away the bodies, he had learned-from the cries of the woman and shouts of the man that had been overheard—that the undersized cripple, a cobiler known as Pegleg, had finally gone beserk from a secret low for Haydee.

Some 20 minutes later, Officer Reynolds was back at headquarters writing out his report. He didn't say much. Nobody said much to him. There just didn't seem to be much to say.

Haydee was Officer Reynolds' wife.



La Bernhardt was a fabulous actress in a fabulous age, but some of her private quirks and customs were more amazing than anything she—or anyone else—ever did behind the footlights.



sarah was not so divine

by AL MAYER

(For eight years the author was the immortal Sarah Bernhard's, stage manager. His grandfather, M. L. Mayer, discovered Sarah and was her manager for 32 years. All Mayer's father, Geston, and his uncle, Frederic Mayer, also served as her manager for ten years each.)

THE WORLD remembers Sarah Bernhardt as the greatest actress of her time-and possibly the greatest of all time.

I remember her that way, too. But I also remember ber as a fabulous entrepreseur off-stage—a wizard at negotiar finances, a high-banded matriarch who demanded absolute rule over the lives of her theotrical "family," a woman who hid her feelings so well that even many of her intimates believed she had none.

A world tour with Bernhardt left memories of brilliant performances, of honors by royalty—and of explosions when something went wrong in the elaborate planning done months in advance and the scenery for "Camille" turned up at the city where "Tosca" was scheduled.

city where I osca was scheduled.

And it left memories no theatre-goer could share: The Bernhardt "collage" system of pairing off actors and actresses for the duration of the tour, a system in which Sarah ruled supreme on the choice of pairing and rendered the verdict

as judge and jury if the "collage" sought a bill of divorcement.

Her behind the scenes iron hand was accepted without resentment. Who wanted to have it known they'd been turned down by the great lady?

One hundred and thirty-five actors and actresses were official members of the Sarah Bernhardt theatne. Only 70 received contracts for the tour. The other 65 remained in Paris, and if they couldn't find work elsewhere in Sarah's absence, she had to see that they were provided for. She raised the money by getting a \$50,000 bonus merely for signing her American contract with the Shubert brothers— -Sam, Lee and Jake, her American managers—and another \$50,000 from European and South American promoters. That took care of the company that was left behind for busy verse.

But that was just the beginning, Bernhardt's personal contract was fashous. I doubt whether any modern arrist with the help of radio, television and motion pictures approached the earning power of this remarkable woman, especially when you consider they were the carefree days of easy tax. More remarkable, she handled all the completed deals of the contract of the contract of the contract of the ence from no one, Small wonder she thought nothing of deciding what actor was going to live with what actess for

a two-year tour of 20 countries!

Her American contract, not counting the \$50,000 already
paid her in Paris, called for \$1500 a performance with a
guaranteed minimum of eight performances weekly, whether

she played them or not.

It included paid accommodations for herself and her entourage in the best hotels and, when playing one night stands,
a private train of two Puliman cars for berself and two
scryants; two for members of the company, and two bagrage

cars for trunks and costumes.

She was further guaranteed 15 per cent of the net house, after salaries, rent, and so on were paid. Thus, when we opened the American tour in Chicago for a two-week stay, she collected \$28,000. And this went on for weeks, months.

When everything else was ready for the tour, it was time



life. Here she plays a scene before

one in the 1934 motion picture Queen Elizabeth.

for the famous "collage," The word "collage" means to stick or paste, but in French it has a more emphatic meaning which freely translated means to glue or be glued.

It was customary at the outset of a long tour for some actors and actresses to cohabitate for the "duration," Sometimes sentimental reasons were involved, but frequently it was purely an economic arrangement on the theory that two could live cheaper than one.

But the matter didn't rest entirely in your hands. You

did of course make arrangements with the lady of your selection to share life with you, but the final blessing rested with Bernhardt. A few days before the tour got under way, each couple

with ideas of pairing off was interviewed privately by Bernbardt in her home. If she didn't approve the "mating" the whole thing was off-unless you accepted another lady suggested by Bernhardt, who in her opinion, would be better suited for you. Her decision was final. If you refused to accept her edict, you turned in your contract

Needless to say these interviews were highly secretive. Bernhardt's high-handed conduct in these matters was genuine enough. Her aim was to start out by having as much peace as possible among members of her company.

When Sarah gave her approval to a "collage," you were stuck with it in every sense of the word. If it turned out to be a dud and you wanted to break it off during the tour. your case was brought before her along with reliable witnesses. Only one reason was admissible for breaking a "collage"-adultery. Bernhardt, acting as judge and jury, rendered the verdict. There was no appeal.

Such cases were heard before what we called the "Tribunal." Any member of the company could attend whether involved or not, and we all did. It was a great show, In Europe and South America, the "Tribunal" sat in

Bernhardt's apartment in her hotel, but in the United States it was held in her Pullman car, a much better setting. A meeting of the "Tribunal" was posted in advance on the call board of the theatre, just as a rehearsal would be It read something like this: "Tonight, meeting of the 'Tribunal' in Madame Sarah Bernhardt's private car. Time 1 a.m. Case of so and so vs. so and so. All witnesses must

be on hand. Refreshments will be served!" One of the most amusing "trials" I remember lasted through the night and kept the company in good humor for days afterwards. In this case the plaintiff won-a rare

case I am writing of a time when wicker trunks were in use almost exclusively in the theatrical world. Light, strong and inexpensive, they withstood any amount of abuse, but how they creaked! The case before Bernhardt that night rested

It seems that certain witnesses saw a lady-a "collage" member-sitting on a wicker trunk with a man who was not the other half of the "collage." Bernhardt, a stickler for details and more details, especially in a case of this sort wished to know all that occurred. No evasions. In part some of the cross-examination went like this: RERNHARDT: When did this happen?

FIRST WITNESS: During the performance of "La Sorciere." (The Sorceress, one of Bernhardt's great successes.) RERNHARDT: During which act?

FIRST WITNESS: The fourth act. (The fourth Act of La Sorciere was terrific. It depicted

the Inquisition tribunal before which she denounces its members who had accused her of being a witch.)

BERHARDT: The fourth act!!! What a droll time to choose. Have they no respect for the theatre and its art? From another witness who actually hadn't seen the culprits

on the trunk but had beard the rhythmic creaking at the time the preceding witness actually recognized the sitters-Bernhardt wanted to know:

BERNHARDT: Was the creaking still going on when the curtain came down on the fourth act? SECOND WITNESS: Yes, it was

BERNHARDT: How could you hear it, if as you say the curtain had come down? I received ten curtain calls and thunderous applause. Yet, above all this noise you heard the creaking. It does credit to your sense of hearing, but hardly to the admiration of a great actress.

SECOND WITNESS: But Madame. . . .

BERNHARDT: Never mind. In your place and at your age, I too might have been tempted to listen to the creaking. Another witness established the fact that the trunk still creaked after the sitters had gone. But whether in bewilderment of what it had seen, or because of the affront to Bernhardt's great art, was never known.

The "Tribunal" became famous in Paris. In theatrical circles, actors and actresses often determined reputations by saying that so and so was all right because he or she had been through one or more "collages" with the Bernhardt Company. A new word was popularized-"decolager." or unglued. So, if an actor had lost a case before the "Tribunal." as in the incident just related, the guilty person found himself in an unsufferable position in Paris.

It was the middle of December and exceptionally cold one year when we arrived in Moscow for a two week's stay. Our next stop was St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. Berhardt arranged the itinerary that way so that we would spend New Year's in gay St. Petersburg rather than in somber Moscowand because the Tsar and Tsarina and members of the Royal Family would occupy the Royal Box on the opening night.

entirely on a wicker trunk.

We were looking forward to New Year's in St. Petersburg, but that was two weeks hence, so we had to control our impatience. Then suddenly, the dreaded hazard of long tours-illness-struck without warning. Paul Rebel, veteran actor of the company, 35 years a lending man with Bernhardt, was taken ill in his hotel during the night.

Rebel's common law wife, Man, also a member of the Bernhardt finnily, was not with us on this tour. She had remained in Partis because there were no parts in our repernagement by large in the tree of the parties of the parties of superceptly large in their tweety few years of marriage without benefit of ciercy and were often exemplified as the ideal state between a man and a woman. Rebel did that strange way. We had lost Designedius in Rise de Jameiro and Simonon, Sarsh i vertweing manager, in the States and now Robel in Kunsin. Designedius and Simonons were berief in permaded to attend the funcerable. Sarah never wanted to hear about death, and because of her great fear of it, often gave the impression of being callous and heartless.

In a nort of challenge to the Great Reaper, seweral years entire in London, abe had been photographed in a full length coffin dressed all in white with likes on her breast. Later, he regretted the incident and had the plate destroyed, but not before my grassifiather got one of the original copies. The popular years that the carried a full sized offin wherture gold coffin studeled with diamonds and pearls in which ske kept handkerschiefs.

I was delegated to break the news of Rebel's death to Bernhardt. I was selected because I was the youngest member of the company and they felt that she might be inclined to be more kindly toward me. Two other actors, Abbe and Barrie also quite young, were to aid me in breaking the shocking news to Mea in Paris. (Continued on pace \$20)



The Divine Sarah as she portrayed Cleopatra in 1891. Obviously, at that time she was a glamor girl as well as an inspired actress.





you don't say

99

MARCH TAKES IT ON THE LAMB

quote

"Now the hungry lion roars

"I'll woo her as the lion woes bis brides."

—John Home

"The lion is not so fierce as they paint him."

-George Herbert

"Rouse the lion from his lair."

-Sir Walter Scott

And the wolf behowls the moon."

—Shakespeare

"Rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb."

"Man is a tool making animal."

-Ben Franklin
"A man! A man! My kingdom for a man!"
-John Marston

"How poor a thing is man!"

—Johann Schiller

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

—Alexander Pope

"Man's the bad child of the universe."

—James Oppenheimer

"Man is of soul and body, formed by deeds

Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing."

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

"Every man is odd."

"And everywhere that Mary went

man is odd."

-Shakespeare

"Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," -Ralph Waldo Émerson

"What once were vices, are now the manners of the day."

-Lucius Seneca

The lamb was sure to go."

—Sarah J. Hole

"A black sheep is a biting beast,"

—Thos. Bastard's Chrestoleros

"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."

—Robert Burns

"Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves."

-Cervantes

"March with grief doth howl and rave."

-Shelley

"Gentleness succeeds better than violence."

—Jean La Fontaine

"Many a man begins an evening like a social lion and passes out like a lamb,"

—Jem Dandy

unquote



By HERMAN ROVNER

Ture is a story about a red-baired child who had blackbaired parents. More correctly, it is a story about a blackhaired couple who had a red-haired child. The youngster doesn't enter much into this tale, except for the fact that he was born and in due time grew a head of hair distinctly and embarrassingly crimson. This narrative would not have been necessary, had not

some people said nasty and undeserved things about Evelyn Hartland. And what they said was just about one-fiftieth of what they thought. They couldn't figure it out. Hartland had hair as black as the raven's. So did Roger, her husband. The parents of each were also brunettes. There wasn't a red head in either family-nor any other color except black. People were puzzled: they couldn't

understand. They knew a little biology, a little eugenics. "Two crows can't produce a robin," said Mrs. White to Mrs. Brown, by way of illustration, which also illustrated the prurient state of her mind. Evelyn was troubled by her offspring's unexpected pig-

mentation. She knew people talked about such things. Her friends poked fun at her-well it was fun to them, anyway. They linked her with all sorts of individuals.

"You must recommend me to your iceman," said Mrs. Smith, with a wink and a giggle,

These innuendoes about Evelyn annoyed me, for I was

fond of the young lady and I knew, from observation and experience, that she was as virtuous as she was beautiful. Once, before her marriage, we were on a picnic and I had become a bit too amorous and enterprising, whereupon Evelyn-but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story. Now, to understand this red-headed business, we must go back to the week Evelyn and Roger Hartland were joined in matrimony. Their marriage was a most gala affair. It was made more so by the fact that it was a double wedding,

Two of their best friends, Betty and Bill Simpson, were married at the same ceremony. Betty and Bill Simuson were a lovely and loving couple, as were Evelyn and Rogert Hartland, if we have not already mentioned this.

After the shees and rice, the Hartlands and the Simpsons. who liked to do things together, took the same train and went to the same hotel in Atlantic City. They were assigned two adjoining rooms The two rooms originally had been one, but the owner of the hotel, who thought more about the condition of his bank

account than the comfort of his patrons, had built a partition, making two small rooms which looked almost exactly alike. The partition was extremely thin, and what was said and done in one cubicle sometimes could be heard in the other. Early in the evening, the two pairs of honeymooners retired to their respective connubial chambers, for, after a

long and arduous day, they felt rather tired and sleepy. (All right, my ribald reader, do not laugh; they did not feel tired and sleeny. After all when a couple marry, do they not proudly proclaim to the world that they propose to indulge in certain delectable intimacies? Is not a marriage ceremony a public announcement of one's private intentions?) The next few hours we'll pass over, with a bushel of asterisks and

loads of discretion.

It was now near midnight. Betty Simpson was still awake, for it was a very hot night. Betty could hear the bed creaking in the next room, as the Hartlands turned, probably restless with the heat. After a while, she heard Evelyn talking. She heard he asking her husband for a drink of water and she heard Roger getting up from bed and stomping off to the bathroom. The power of suggestion is so potent that Betty now also felt an overwhelming desire for water. She gently touched the arm of her slumbering spouse "Bill, darling," she said, "will you please get me a glass of water?"

Bill grunted in his sleen

"Bill, darling," she persisted, "I'm dying from thirst."

Bill drowsily got up, without turning any lights on, for the shades were up, and wandered off through the darkness to the bathroom, muttering to himself that already be was nothing more than an errand boy, In the bathroom, he was surprised to find Roger sitting half-asleep. "Hello," said Bill. "Fancy meeting you here. Well, how do you like

Roger yawned, "What a racket," he replied. (Continued on page 54)

THE QUIPPING

POST

ELMER AND ANNIE were celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. With them was their best friend, Jeremish, Quite early in the evening Annie pooped out and went upstairs to bed, leaving Elmer and Jeremish to their drinking. Therer, said Jeremish, 'one thing t could never understand. You and Elmer, bed the control of the could never understand by you didn't have now."

"Jeremiah," replied Elmer, "if you weren't our best friend, I would never

tell you, but you're practically one of the family, so here's the story.

"It all happened 25 years, so last night-on the eve of our wedding. I rented
a cance and Annie and I went paddling up the river until we came to a small island. There we besched the cancer, I took as blanks and laid it on the ground
and Annie and I lay down to admire the moon on the beautiful summer night.

"After a while I got ideas, and I sipped my arm around her waitst and whis-

pered in her ear. Annie. I whispered, 'tomorrow night it'll be legal and all that. Why don't we jump the gun and do it now.' "Well, sir, Jeremiah, she got so all-fired mad I ain't dared bring up the subiect since!"

Then there's the fellow who had a parakeet that ate nothing but baked beans.

Wanted to be a thunderhird.

The attendant was taking the three mentally disturbed patients on a walk through the grounds of the sanitarium when a pigeon flew over them and made several direct hits.

made several direct hits.

"Stay right here," instructed the attendant, "I'll be back in a jiffy with some

toilet paper."

As the attendant tore off on his errand, one patient (Continued on page 56)





Venus in the kitchen

By SYLVESTER ANDREWS

SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL, lovers have appeased the Goddess of Love and heightened their own enjoyment by a careful diet. Food is first on the honor roll of aids to Venus, which embraces wine, music, perfume and those intanzibles lumped together as "atmosphere."

The tired lover may be quickly revived by the subterranean, unglamorous truffle, a cousin in the mushroom family. Elderly amorists have long depended on cordials to restore their ardor. And the man who has permitted too many pretty claimants to drain his strength can find the herbs and spices to reinvigorate

The names for approxisiacs frequently indicate their antiquity as well as their Eastern origin. Seraglio pastilles, Satyrion electuaries, Avunculae Cypriae and Thessalian philtres point to Asia Minor and the Aegean Sea as the sources of this ancient lore. Even modern restoratives have borrowed classical terms like Pearls of Titus, or Pills of Hercules. Medications named from Greek or Latin include hormin, rejuven, dynatin, testifortan, androkinin and euandrol. The names of basic foods, however, have undergone little change and show no tendency toward disguise, except in French, which is love's second tongue.

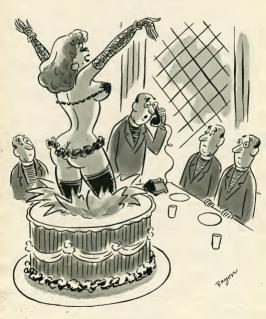
Credit for preserving aphrodisiac recipes must be divided between writers, courtesans, and monks. Pliny and Elder described the Arabian desert skink, a lizard that was salted and shipped to Rome, where its feet and snout were pounded together with certain herbs, and drunk in wine. Ovid and Juvenal mentioned the hippomanes, a fleshy excrescence on the head of a new-born fool, the size and shape of a fig (which the Ancients regarded as a priapic fruit). Its viscous, milky sap was used in philtres.

Caelius Aurelianus recommended Satyrion, a root from which the Turks pressed their revivifying liquor, salep. In The Golden Ass, Apuleius praised the effects of mint, while Dioscorides endorsed anisced, and Theophrastus advocated the galanga root of India. Petronius in The Satyricon vouched for the amatory application of cress and nettle-seed. And Lucretius, a philosophical poet, was so unwise as to die from the effects of cantharidas, or Spanish fly, in a love potion. The kitchen and the bedchamber were always closely linked by knowing harlots.

Anthony at her table. Aphrodisiacs prolonged the orgies of Sardanapalus and But after the Barbarians conquered Rome, it was the monks who preserved these recipes during the long Dark Ages. And monks, wherever the Church

winked at their vows, put theory into practice, as records and tales show, The Renaissance meant rediscovery, particularly in Italy, where pleasure has always defied control. When Francis I reached the French throne, he sent for

Italian chefs to sustain his amatory appetites. With Catharine de Medici, Paris became known as (Continued on page 44)



"Duffy's Bakery? I think there's been some mistake."

Supplication





Ann Newland

ANNouncing ANN Newland, a new JEM for MR. DANDY'S collection of baubles.



Wouldn't this ANNihilate you? Here's Ann doing nip-ups, with a figure like hers.



ANN is currently celebrating the first ANNiversary of reaching maturity... and what maturity.





a word to the wise

WHEN MY great uncle. ESUM Hawkins, recently lay down and died at the ripe old age of ninety-three, in his log cabin home up at the headwaters of Beaver Creek in the Kentucky bills, be ended a rather remarkable life: he had completed over seventy-four years of matried life with the same woman. Before he died, he told me the sorty about something the members of our family and overyone else who knew him and vant Elviry had wondered doubt for years.

Uncle Esau was known as a man of his word. When he said a thing, it could always be counted on that he meant it. He was not a fellow to talk just to hear his head rattle.

Throughout his youth and early manhood, Uncle Esau was known for his flaming temper; and he was always in trouble of some sort. Nothing serious, of course But it was generally thought that Esau Hawkins stood ready, at any time, to fight at the drop of a hat. And he was not at all averse to dropping the hat himself.

When he was eighteen, he took a shine to Ehviry Simms, a yellow-haired girt who lived on an dipining farm. Elviry reciprocated his somewhat bashful interest, but Jonathan Simms, Elviry shither, was not overlyord at the prospect Simms, Elviry shither, was not overlyord at the prospect Ean's proclivity for getting into trouble that Mr. Simms bought it best of discourage the young man. At any rate, he let it become known he would just as soon that Ean did not make an effort to keep company or set-up to his det out make an effort to keep company or set-up to his

Of course, this was gall and wormwood to Esau's sensitive incr. Who was Old Man Simms to tell him, Esau Hawkins, that he could not court his daughter when Elviry herself did not mind his taking her home from prayer-meeting and other social doings in the community? So, this being the situation, Easu found himself in more or less a quantum, He mel Enlvy; claudentiers) and finally talked her into an elopement. When the agreed to this plan, Easu paid a visit to the county sext, pole a marriage license, and atranged for the services of a preacher to perform the weeding ceremon. The date was set for a few days later and the plan was for him to ride to the Simms place some times after the family bad retired for the might. Ellviry was to most him in a plan thicked as few hundred yards down receded; and east of the set of t

Everything went off as prearranged. That night after Esau's father and mother had gone to bed and everything was quiet except the chirping of crickets and the barking of a dog, Esau arose, dressed and stole down the stairs from where he slept in the loft and made his way to the stable. Fumbling in the darkness, he saddled Kate.

"Old Kate," as she was called, was a mare of uncertain age which had been in the Hawkins family for fifteen or sixteen years. She was, as Uncle Esau described her, "Kinda bline in one eye and couldn't see very well outten the 'uther, and she was always stimbline".

As Essa saddled Kate, he remembered her capacity for stumbing. "Now listen here, you danged all crow hait." he said, as he rammed his knee into her belly and clinched the said, as he rammed his knee into her belly and clinched the saddle girth tightly. "Tm going to get myself married up to to the purtiest gal in these here hills and, dang your bide, if in you goes to stumbling and throws her off, you're just pime-blank going to catch hell, So, you'd better watch where you go! Member now, none of your danged stumbline."

Esau led Kate out of the stall, mounted and rode on his way. He passed the Simms house, which stood dark and silent. He found Elviry waiting in (Continued on page 53)

talked back to me in more'n seventy-four years. I often wonder if'n I scared her, I shore did feel ashamed, but I never let on."

Womankind has come a long way since the days when they
wore perky little tails and we may think the female form has reached
perfection in creatures like Marilyn Monroe, but evolution continues and

AFTER BOSOMS,

Asks FORCE KENNETT

In Ball, bosoms are just so much chopped liver. Every girl has a pair, and they have absolutely no embarrassment about showing them. They walk along the street, bare from the midriff north.

In Peoria, Illinois, a girl would be clapped in the pokey if she wore a Balinese outfit. Yet she'd think nothing of a bare midriff bathing suit at the beach, while any red-blooded Bali boy would whistle and ogle at the sight of a naked navel.

It just goes to show you that what's one man's ment, etc. It also goes to show you that evolution is raising hob with this planet's idea of what part of a female's anatomy is the most provocative.

Evolution is continuing Some of us may think that it's

reached perfection with a creature like, say, Marilyn Monroe or Anita Ekberg or Jayne Mansfield. Some of us can quote bust measurements like baseball averages. We like to look at the pretty pictures in Jem. Let's face it—we're bosom happy in America.

But evolution isn't going to stop. And, while we may think the bosom is a perfectly gorgeous hunk of landscape, evolution isn't governed by beauty alone. There are practical considerations

Many centuries ago, human beings had perky little tails.
And our cave-dwelling forebears undoubtedly took great
stock in each other's tails. They would hold tails, instead of
hands; they would talk about the pretty tails on the girls.
Evolution poorressed. It didn't care about the exthetic oual-

ities of the tail. It had no practical use so, presto, it vanished. (Presto means a few million years.)

(Fresto means a few millson years.)

After tails, men became interested in the fine stand of hair on laddes' chins. It sounds odd to us today, but the pin-up girls of the pre-historic era were the gala who had the longest chin whiskers. Our tree-climbing forefathers would go wild over a sexy beard.

Evolution progressed. Beards on most girls vanished. Following beards our forefathers worshiped girls with the longest arm spread (this also was in the tree-dwelling days) and then they went wild over low forebeads and then there was the fat lip era. Finally, we come to our time—the era of the big boson.

It's a nice period in which to live. There is something about a girl with a profile like Mount Fujiyama sideways that is exciting. But, of course, we are prejudiced.

Let us examine this thing scientifically. A bosom, after all, is primarily a practical agided. It is designed as of orinking fountain for babies. But nowadays the vast majority of our mothers are feeding their children with bottle. Can bottless become? No-did you'ver see a seay baby bottle? Yet can bottless something will have to replace bosom? No-did you'ver see a seay baby bottle? Yet no nature is no fool. Nature knows that bosoms have been related from the standardist of their natural function.

And what is no longer necessary, naturally, will sooner or later be eliminated, physically.

Bosoms are doomed. Evolution, in a few hundred thousand years, will shrink them gradually until all that remains is a fond memory.

The signs are unmistakable. Already, some of our glamor girls are achieving fame without benefit of a large physique. Look at Grace Kelly, Audrey Hepburn, Lassie. Why, some of today's movie queens think cheesecake is something to eat. On Ball, they'd be called boxs.

That's the problem. There's no getting around it, bosoms have had it. We might as well enjoy them while we can, for in Jayne, Anita, Marilyn and such creatures, we have come to the end of an era. The days of 38" and 40" and even the occasional whopping 41" are over. Never again will this planet live through such an age of measurable attraction.

The bosom bubble has bust.

But men and women will go on, (Continued on page 51)





Advice to the Loveworn

By DON WAN

It's SEEN A lovely winter. For young lovers, winter is a glorious season—roaring fires, snowfights, dropping icicles down girls' backs and such postimes are all conducive tosoaring romance.

But winter-time love does create certain problems. How can you tell if a girl is well-built when she's wearing a heavy coat? It's sort of buying a pig in a poke, and sometimes you wind up with a real



pig. Or you might say it's a grab bag, but who wants to grab a bag? After many cold winters, I have come up with a foolproof way of determining what's what-it's the Don Wan Method For Having a Hot Time in a Cold Clime. The formula goes like this: 1. When you set out scouting

up a winter's night of entertainment, fortify yourself. Wear warm clothing. Eat warm food. Think warm thoughts. Drink cold booze.

 Stand on your favorite corner, back to the wind, front to the passing throngs.

3. When you spot a passing throng that looks promising, don't look at faces or busts or ankles. Gracious, how you can get looled! Look at ears. Ears are a direct and infallible tip to the character and personality of the girl connected thereos. Slim ears, slim girl; fat ears, fat girl; sexy ears, sexy girl; cauliflower ears, cauliflower girl; no ears, no girl. When you find a pair of ears that interest you, go up and tap the wearer of same on the back and say, "Pardon me, ears, but could I have a brief word with you in my apartment just up the street?"
 If it's very cold, and people.



got the barbecue fixed?

are wearing earmuffs, it's simple to peek at the ears beneath the muffs. Just say you're conducting an earlobe survey for an ear-ring manufacturer, or some such clever dodge.

And now to some of my voluminous mail, with special emphasis on the particular problems posed by winter.

Dear Mr. Wan:

It was a long, cold summer. My barbecue broke down
and the lady that I call my iddy-bitty doodle-bug got
mad and left, because she dotes on barbecued culves'
liver. With my barbecue broken she saw no reason to
hane zround. My problem is, how can I let ber know I

Charcoal Charlie

Dear Charcoal Charlie: Why bother? It all she wants from you is barbecued calves liver, I'd say she was pretty much out for what she could get. I'd call her a liver digger. If I were you, and I'm frightfully glad I'm not, I'd forget her. I'd go scout me up another iddy-bitty doodle-bug, one that likes correct beef have





PEARLY was doing very well in business and brooked no silly nonsense from

the hard way

HIS WIFE, who was uncomplaining, a good housekeeper and even helped in the business.

THE CUSTOMER had a tale or two to tell when he made a late visit to the gas station.





By ED STONE

CHUR TAYLOR was complaining again about his wife. He was always whining about her. Pearly Simmons was sick of it. "It's your own damn fault," Pearly told Chuh. "If you don't look out for yourself,

who will?"

"Your old lady don't run around," Chuh countered. "Your old lady don't hit the bottle. You picked a good one; I picked a had one."

a had one."

"They're all had," Pearly said. "I don't
let mine be had, that's all."

"Easy to say when you're lucky."
"Lucky?" Pearly spat out. "Half my skull still huried in Korea: maybe half my brains, too. If business don't pick up soon I'll lose this gas station and my house both. Two years I been running this place by mwelf seven days a week. What've I rot to

show for it?"
"When you get home your old lady's waitin' for you. She fixes somethin' nice to

"Knock her head in if she wasn't," said Pearly.
"I tried that," Chuh pleaded, his voice rising, "Walloped her good, too. Cut her

over both her eyes and near broke her jaw. Didn't help one hit."
"Throw her out then. She'll learn."
"Maybe," Chuh whispered. His shoul-

"Maybe," Chuh whispered, His shouldens slumped, "Guess I should leave her." He disgusted Pearly, who turned away ahruptly and began to patch an old inner

tube. Chub complained some more about his wife and then he left. Pearly finished patching the tube and

picked up another one to fix, his mouth set tightly. He was thinking to himself: "All day these guys cry on my shoulder. If their wives ain trunning around, they're making fools out of themselves without no help from nobody. One knocklehead lost his pay envelope: A half month's pay run out his pants. Too dumb to know he had

a hole in his pocket.

"Another fair-haired boy bawlin 'cause
he paid five hundred American dollars for
a heap that couldn't get out of her own

he paid five hundred American dollars for a heap that couldn't get out of her own way.

"They all give me a pain, them cry babies, Could live forever and they would-

saties, Could live forever and they wouldn't know the score. One thing I learned sticking my head out of that damn tank when I shouldn't: Watch out for yourself. "If they can't learn that the hard way,

they can't tearn that the hard way, to hell with 'em all." Pearly's station was on the northern edge of town and he hadn't succeeded in

edge of town and he hashn't succeeded in huilding up enough steady customers. He had to rely too much on transient traffic. The station needed improvements, An eyecatcher would be a big neon sign, Pearly had been saving on the sly for it. When he end to the state of the state of the state of the he saved it. Found money, Wife didn't know he was saving, Pearly knew that the man who told bis. Continued on gaze 481



A KISS in the WINDOW

By SUMNER AHLBUM

This is a talk my Uncle Tolliver told me and he swore

it's as old as time.

Uncle Tolliver was pushin' his time when he told me, and he'd seen a fair piece of the world in his day, clear down to Tennessee and maybe as far north as Virginia

Maybe he was yarnin' when he said it went away back seven hundred years ago. Uncle Tolliver wasn't that old, and you can't blame me for fauthin' him a particle. What with traipsin' around the country the way be did and never tied down by a woman, there wasn't much to keep him from cuttin' the fool when he had a mind to, which was more than sometimes. But when he come to talkin' was more than sometimes. But when he come to talkin'

Anyway, the first time I heard the tale of the kiss in the window was one dusk-down in the piney grove up beyond hollerin' distance from the house. I guess Uncle Tolliver reckoned I was old enough by then, because be kept passing me his whiskey jug, and he'd never done that before either.

about it, he got mighty sly.

"There's some mighty strange women in this world," he began, crooking his finger to take back the jug. "Yessir," I said, breathing hard. Under Tolliver always bragged he never put anything but sippin' whiskey in his jug, but I could feel this clean down to my

"And men can sure smoke 'em out," he went on, wiping the neck of the crock. He swigged judiciously. "Ever hear of a step-husband?" he asked.

"Nosir," I said.
"Well, boy," Uncle Tolliver mused, and I could see a sparkle in his eye even in the tree shadow, "I've heard

tell of 'em, many's the time.

"The're the ones who step in the back door the
minute the lawful, bill payin' husband sashays out the
front. Like the fox who sneaks in the chicken run, minute
your hack is turned."

I thought for a minute Uncle Tolliver was wiping feathers off his mouth, but I guess it was just the dusk and the whiskey, because there he was, offering me the ire rearin just as if I wann't a box, but Lordy, he sure

had a foxy look. I tipped up and swallowed and listened.
"Twe been around some," he allowed, modestly, "and
I've heard talk. And they do say there are women-folk
like this even today, although I wouldn't be one to give it
away." He coughed, gagged a mite, and continued,
"What I mean, I wouldn't be likely to come right out

and swear to it.
"Anyway, boy, as they tell it in Tennessee, or maybe
it was Kentucky, there was this woman who was all
hitched up proper-like and all, except she warn't exactly
satisfied to be proper. And she was always pesterin'
her husband about his goin' away. Oh, it was backbanded nesterin' all right but he newer eautht on.

"You're not figurin' on traipsin' off for two-three days again, are you?" she'd whine. And, of course, if he days a le'd tell her, and ask her to please understand, but he just had to, and so forth. "Oh, I suppose he fretted some about her just sittin'

"Oh, I suppose he fretted some about her just sittin' there, rockin' and wailin' until he got back. But not that woman. Nosir.
"The dust he stirred up trackin' up the road when he left would hardly be settled before she'd be as dry-eyed

as mid-August and primpin' and fussin' like a school girl. And come nightfall there'd be a scratchin' at the back door."

Uncle Tolliver paused to sluice down some of his own

Uncle Tolliver paused to sluice down some of his own ust.
"One of the coon hounds." I suggested.

"Hound? Ha!" he chortled: "Hound, mebbe, but twolegged. A step-hasband, it would be. And she'd let him in, just like that. And, first thing you know, they'd be roisterin' around and one thing and another, and the house would get stoney still. (Continued on page 46)



A star abornin', a rare talent in the making, a tender beauty in full bloom, and a young lady to watch and watch and watch . . .

... this is Tina Louise!



It's telephone time for Tina as she discusses a new contract with her agent.



the bedroom of the Christian world; an insatiable woman, abe fed her handworked lovers a delicious cake called Frangipane, made of almond paste. The Pricess De Conti was noted for her Qurré de Mouton (shoulder of lamh). Mmc. de Manienon revived the flagging Louis XIV with a cordial of distilled spirits, augar, orange water and other per-

furnes. La Pompadour, greedily sapping the vigor of Louis XV, restored him with such dainties as Filet de Volaille à la Bellevue, and Tendron d'agneau au soleil. The first, or chicken dinner contained restoratives like basil, fennel, truffles, and madeira wine. La Pompadour grew old soonest. Her successor, du Barry, had been corrupted by a friar, and schooled hy a dressmaker in the value of those dishes she served at her chateau of Louveciennes. Plover eggs, filet of sole, sweetbreads, venison, pheasants, crawfish salad, and ringer-macaroon omelets were the delicacies that kept her royal stud in a state of phrenetic sensualism.

Like all social upheavals, the Frunch Revolution of 1789 put a temporary stop to many aristocratic pleasures supported at public expense. With hewigged beads falling, the amateur and the demi-monde compted for the trade of love. Soon, however, the Bourbons and their croniess were brought back to empty or usurped thrones. As money welled the conservative tide, water turned to wine and libertarian crumbs became fancy pastries curanteed to holess.

The French, defeated at Waterloo, continued victors in the kitchen and the boudoir, Now, however, court pimps were replaced by bourgoois enterpreneurs. Shopkoepers grown prosperous demanded their share. The days (and nights) of the masic hall with its saucy can cans or lacey quadriller, and of the restaurant with its discreet chambes séparées, had artived.

Fifty years ago, the menus and decorations of these Parisian private supperrooms were atill widely known. One elderly Casanova told the Squire de Baudricourt how to proceed with different complexions of sweetheart: Blondes needed a respectable-looking.

place, whose blue turquoise hangings should be scented with white heliotrope. The suitable flowers were Parma violets and parays of rin: Tuberones graced the table, while the corsage was literactive. valley. The dinner consisted of lobster, eggs, oriental-style partridge, pean, "Eve" a supples for gluttons"; the wine was chambeth most proper to the proper supplemental of the supplemental properties of the properties of the supplemental properties of the properties of the supplemental properties of the properties of the prosent properties of the properties of the protes of the properties of the properties of the prosent properties of the properties of the prosent properties of the properties of the properties of the prosent properties of the properties of the properties of the prosent properties of the properties of the properties of the protes of the properties of the properties of the properties of the prosent properties of the prope

nished gold, and perfumed by pans of

verbena and corylopsis in hurners.

Matching flowers were ten roses, with purple roses on the table, and tutted carnations and mimosas in the corsage. The typical ment comprised Supremes de sole à la d'Estrics, Ocula pochés Cléopotre, Faisan a l'Orientale, aspara-

gus en brunche, and Bombe confetti.
From menus like this, the novice can
guess what foods spark a love feast. The
meal starts with soup, served very hot
and drawn from any of the following
ingredients Coame, calves-brains and

oysten, crawfish, tapioca and truffles, Turtle soup is an old and sure friend. Fish should be the second course, prepared in a variety of ways. The experienced cook counts on the juices in fish, and the presence or valuable phosphorus in almost all species. It is said that solution to tunned the Crusaders, Salatin, who trunned the Crusaders, could not restrain his palace guards from his oddispues after a fish dinner. The potent fish are carp, salmon, pike, cel, turbet and heir.

Eggs, though usually a part of other dishes, are restoratives in themselves. They combine well with crawfish, snails,

perivinkles, musck, and truffles.

Truffles are a curiosity in America, for
they are plentiful mostly in the oak forests of central and southern Europe.
Reman truffles came from Greece and
Libya, but truffles went underground until modern times in France, where they
owed their popularity to the provision
merchants.

HE SAID:

"Many a guy has given a gal a mink coat to cool her off."

ROBERT Q. LEWIS

In his Physiology of Taste, that prince of gourmets, Brillat-Savarin, especially recommended truffles to "awaken succulent memories among the sex in petticoats," Truffles will always remain a luxury, since they cannot be planted or cultivated. They grow beneath the surface: their discovery is the work of pigs (or especially trained dogs) who smell them out and root them up. A simple recipe calls for truffles that are wellwashed and cleaned. Each is wrapped in five or six pieces of paper wetted beforehand. They are cooked in hot cinders, removed from their tackets, wiped, and served very hot. Try this one on your barbecue: the results are exciting.

The prized Guinea hen, despite its name, originated in hot-blooded Algeria. It became the classical rosst among the decadent Romans. Today it shares the bonors of the main course with mutton, duck, thrush, quail, hare, squabs, capon, calves brains, tongue, sweethreads and suckling pigs.

The heavier roasts and steaks favored hy contemporary palates cannot compare with lesser cuts of meat, or with fowl, in effectiveness. A meal built around Oriental-style partridge is worth special notice, as it was to the royal mistress, Diane de Poitiers. She had the hird boned, smeared lightly with a cooked stuffing made from its flesh, and lined with a sulpicon of truffles, mushrooms and sweethreads. Her chef sewed back the stuffing, cooked the hen on a lively fire, then added to the same casserole ham strips, pimento, juniper berries, sliced carrots, and a garniture of parsley, laurel leaf and thyme. Sprinkled with champagne and consomme, seasoned, and brought to a boil this broth become a bath for cooking the fowl. And the outcome? History, alas, did not go into

Vegetables have always been notable aphrodisines. The Greeks used the goatish tragorchis, leeks, chicory, ashkeys or ornithoglossum. Among veretables the most active stimulants are savory, peppermint, celery, artichoke, asparagus, pimento, thyme, saffron, morel and ginseng. Marco Polo described the ginseng of China, which was the mandrake root of the Bible. The mandrake was the plant used by that emic witch, Circe, to entrap the sailors of Odysseus. Its power could infect even the dignified elephant with a fury of love. And ginger, its derivative, is used liberally as a flavoring by the best Chinese cooks. Statistics, however, are silent on the amative after-effects of Chinese dinners.

great detail here.

Chinese cooks. Statistics, however, are silent on the amative after-effects of Chinese dinners.

While dessert is a comparatively recent invention, a sweet has customarily ended most meals in many lands.

Candied violets, for example, are warranted to overcome feminian scruples and achieve mutual satisfaction. Liquor of love, or Pouser-Tamou, employs equal parts of marsachino, madeira, cream of eccos and hrandy, together with a whole egg yolk, served without mixing, with its may form is bilitous and dispiriting, while coffee drunk to excess finally extinguishes desire.

Whiskey and beer discourage Venus altogether, or move her to worthless bragging promises. Fruit has its place in the mean of low, but the fermented juice of the grape outstrips most liquid stinulanta. According to one authority, Rhine wine 'brings forth an alestrose superior to that of wines which sparkle, superior to that of white which sparkle, full stoness sallies of wit; they embedde the facey with mitraful images, rejoicing the heart without troubling the brain or oppressing the stonuch."

Although the aging and the ill have frequently resorted to drugs, food re-

28 Pays Hath February*

POOR WRETCH'S ALMAMAS



Combined with JEM DANDY'S Datebook

DM	DW	Uuessential Information	J. D.'s Esseutials
1	Fr	Clark Gable b. 1901. Now we have Elvis Presley. That's progress?	Notional Freedom Day, Have jun.
2	Sa	Groundhog Day or Candlemas. If the groundhog sees his shadow, 30 more days of winter.	If you see Marilyn Monroe's thadow can spring be far behind?
3	Su	An elephant mated on Jan. 3, 1955, should give birth today.	Don't date elephants.
4	Мо	Beginning of National Kraut and Frankfurter week.	My, don't the week start out sauer?
5	Tu	FDR asked power to enlarge the Supreme Court, 1937. Denied.	I. D. asked for a raise, 1956. Denied.
6	We	Massachusetts entered the Union: 1788.	They still eat pie for breakfast in Boston.
7	Th	Baltimore fire, 1904.	The city's still burning over the Orioles' showing.
8	Fr	American Boy Scouts founded, 1910. Lana Turner b. 1920, under sign of Aquaeius.	 D.'s handy reminder: Aquarius women hate house- work.
9	Sa	U. S, Weather Bureau founded, 1910. They guessed wrong again, 1957. Gypsy Rose Lee b. 1914.	Gypsy Rose Lee can outstrip the Weather Bureau any day.
10	Su	Jimmy Durante b. 1893. Quail season ends, Miss. You still have until Feb. 15 in La., Feb. 25 in Ga., Mar. 1 in S. C.	San Quentin quali know no season.
11	Mo	Max Baer b. 1909. Farouk I b. 1920.	Nat'l Beauty Salon week. Down, Maxie! Down, Fatro
12	Tu	 A. Lincoln b. 1809. Among other things be inspired the first underground railroad. 	During ruth hour in New York's underground RR, you can get the feel of the city for 15 cents.
13	We	Very dull day. Nothing has happened on this day for years.	Stay in bed.
14	Th	Jack Benny b. 1894. Arizona entered the union, 1912. You mean Benny's older than Arizona?	When you get to be 39, St. Valentine's day won't mean much, anyway.
15	Fr	Susan B. Anthony Day. She brought about women's suffrage.	Susan is dead. Men still suffer.
16	Sa	A time to plant: South of 35°40'10" sow barley, early cauliflower, and kale.	Wild outs may be sown in any latitude, but early sprout- ing costs kale.
17	Su	Red Barber b. 1908. Red Barber started to talk, 1909.	Red Barber is still talking.
18	Мо	Another dull day, absolutely without historical value.	Up at 7, back in bed by 7:15.
19	Tu	Eddie Arcaro b. 1906. Aaron Burr arrested 1807.	If you had pyramided your bets on Arcaro
20	We	Aaron Burr makes the immortal statement, "They can't do this to me," 1807.	you would have so much money by now
21	Th	Aaron Burr realizes his mistake, 1807.	you could buy Nashua and outrin the Internal Revenue agents.
22	Fr	G. Washington b. 1732. First F. W. Woolworth dime store b, 1879.	G. Washington's portrait is on the \$1 bill and 25c piece, how much is Woolwarth?
23	Sa	What's an almanac without weather? Windy on East Coast with rain; fog in San Francisco, smog in Los Angeles.	Gobs in Sau Diego.
24	Su	17th day of Javelina season in Arizona. A Javelina is an ugly-tempered old sow.	There is no open season on mothers-in-law even if you missake them for Javelinas.
25	Мо	Wash day.	You cannot woul your children in the automatic ina chine; the paddles keep knocking them down.
26	Tu	Conn. sold for \$60, 1640.	The eorly birds got Manhattan for beads before rea estate skyrocketed.
27	We	Joan Bennett b. 1910; Elizabeth Taylor b. 1910; their sign of the Zodiac is Aries.	Aries women are very possessive. In these two cases who cares?
28	Th	Javelina season ends in Arizona.	Short season, wasn't it?
*1	Fr	First day of March. That's why it says March on the cover of this issue.	I. D. forgot to wind his calendar again,



mains the safest form of aphrodisiac. The effects of various foods are not uni-

form with all concerned. Oysters, for example, have pledged better results than were delivered, and kept many willing ladies waiting too long. In sophisticated circles, it is considered indelicate to offer a dish with a statement of its amatory purpose. Indeed, the ctiquette of love applies equally to the food for love. And because a large-scale regimen of this kind is harmful, "too little" is not invariably "too late" in the experience of the couple involved

If man is the chief consumer of food for Venus, woman is not far behind. The saying "A maid's way to a man's heart is through the stomach" should cover both sexes, for where man proposes, woman disposes. Many well-preserved women of fifty owe their charm and visor to the proper choice of viands. In fact, Brillat-Savarin declared that epicurean dainties were favorable to the preservation of beauty and desirability.

"A range of observations, exact and rigorous, has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen pushes farther back and away the outside signs of old age," he pointed out. "It gives the eye a new brilliance, the skin a new freshness, the muscles greater support; and as physiology has demonstrated that it is the depressed condition of the muscles that causes wrinkles, these deadly enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, all things being equal. those who know how to eat look comparatively ten years younger than those to whom that science is foreign.

Impatience is the great enemy. As leisure increases, the time spent in preparing and eating meals seems to dwin-

dle. Some arme that the quality of food Chinese Emperor Shen-Nung wrote of has declined with streamlined methods in agriculture and processing.

And what of the quality of love? Before the psychiatrist and the sociologist set up shop, love and hunger were yoked together as the forces driving the world. The refined pagans held in small esteem persons not employing these twins. Hippocrates, the father of modern medicine, knew how the stomach healed men. Three thousand years ago the

internally-taken regenerative medicine. In India, the Kama Sutra of Vatsvayana and the Ananga-Ranga were handbooks of eroticism and the Arabic Shiek Not-But today, because of anothy and ignorance, few persons in the prime of life sufficiently analyze natural functions.

zaoui gave much space to the subject. Where haste makes waste, or too many cooks spoil the broth, Venus flees both the kitchen and the boudoir.

A Kiss in the Window (Continued from page 41) .

except for a rustlin' and panting like one of those heat storms that huild up on the mountain.

"Well siz, one night this is going on and they suddenly hear a tapping at the front door. The woman nushes up and whispers hoursely, just like she'd run smack into a wild boar, "Lordy, my man must've come home!"

"And the step-husband, he was scattertailing ever which way, pleading for a hidey-hole.

"The woman warn't so discomfited she didn't have her wits about her. Nosir. She knew what was going on. She hustled that skittery man up the loft ladder and opened a chest, and be jumped in. It was half full of old pillows and petticoats and nonesuch, but that didn't bother him any. He scrounged down and she latched him

"Then she went back down the ladder and opened the door, just as cool as branch water, and of course it wasn't her husband who'd been tanning."

It was jug time again, and out of peliteness I suggested the coon bound again. Uncle Toliver spat and slapped "Sassafras," he said. "It was another

step-husband. He knew her man had gone off, too. He wasn't supposed to turn up until the next night, but he got to tippling and he got eager. So she let him in, because he was fired up like a stove full of piney wood. "Wellsir, she got fired up herself and

forgot the first step-bushand up in the chest. He didn't do anything; he thought it was her real husband, come home sudden. And pretty soon the roisterin' around and the rustlin' and the panting began all over again

The way the story goes, suddenly there was another tapping, only this time it was on the window. The second man didn't dare scatter-tail: he just hurrowed down under the quilt and played 'possum. And the woman she eased the window up a mite

"You can see how the word must have gotten around. This was, if you've kept track, the third step-husband. And he wanted in. Now the woman had about all

she should handle for one night, and besides, this one was no better than peckerwood trash. So she got real foxy "Lord-a-mercy," she said. "I thought,

you was my man. He'll be back any minnte "Old peckerwood, he kept pleadin' he

wouldn't keep her more'n a minute if she'd just let him in, and she kept pushing him away, until finally be said if she'd just give him a big kiss through the window, he'd settle for that.

"That didn't simmer down the woman's foxiness. She told old peckerwood to wait, and she shut the window. Then she nudged the man under the quilt. 'Git over by the window,' she whispered, 'We'll give him his kiss.

"She backed him up until he roosted stern-to on the window-sill, and he got the idea and h'isted his shirttail. And she h'isted the window and said to the man outside, without showing her face, 'Here's the kiss.

Outside the window it was all shadow, so old peckerwood puckered up and smacked. The man inside jumped down and the woman slammed the window, and old peckerwood stomped off, spittin' and swearin'. He was so mad he went out back of the chicken house and scrabbled up some fatty pine and scratched up a fire, and when it was blazing he poked the end of an old bean pole in the fire and got it red bot

Then he went back to the window and tapped again. He held the bean pole out of sight and when the woman cracked open the sash, he made his voice sound all pleady and said, 'Just gimme another one of them kisses, honey, and I'll go home.

"This was too much for the man inside. He reached out and nudged the woman, and sloped across to the window. She got the idea, and he h'isted his shirttail again and got in position.

"'All right," she said through the window, 'But hurry, This is the last kiss.' "Old peckerwood hurried, He reached

back and shoved that fired-up bean pole through the window. Balls o' fire, you'd a thought he'd dropped a wildcat down the chimney. The man inside shot off the

sill, fell over a chair, and went licketysplitting around the room ever which way, screaming 'FIRE' like a man possessed."

Uncle Tolliver hollered the "fire" part so foud he had to pause for another swipe at the jug, but he barely missed a breath.

"Wellsir." he went on before he even got the stopper in, "even a deaf 'possum would've heard that racket from up in the chest in the loft, and the step-husband who was stashed away up there thought the whole house was on fire. And he started hollerin'.

"'Save the big chest,' he kept shouting. 'Get the big chest in the loft before the house roes!"

"What with the old petticoats and pillows and other folderol, his voice came out pretty scarey-like. The window-sitting fool figured either the real busband had sneaked home or it was a ha'nt, and he lit out through the front door as scat-

er-tailed as a scalded cat "The woman, she watched him make dust up the road and she peeked out the window to make sure old peckerwood had lit out, too. Then she went up the

"When she told him what all had happened-or most of it, anyway, they both got to laughing so hard they almost fell down the ladder. Pretty soon they went back downstairs and the roisterin' and

loft ladder and let the first step-husband out of the chest.

rustlin' and such started up all over "And it wasn't until sun-up that the first step-husband got to thinkin' what

was going on under the covers while he was smothering in the pillows and petticoats for fear the woman's rightful man had come home?

The jug was idle and I reached for it. What took him so long to figure it

out?" I asked. "I could barely breathe, let alone think." Uncle Tolliver began to say. Then

he snatched up the jug

is seven hundred years old."

Maid of All Work (Continued from page 8)

He came straight home, very bungry. "Aunt Pauline?" he called, entering the house.

She was not downstairs. Her umbrella was gone from the hall stand-infallible sign of her absence. Being so bungry, Fred did not bother to find company. As be walked through the pantry, he noticed that Hilda's door was closed. She was probably resting, but Fred decided not to disturb her. He was a big boy now. He could get his own lunch

Soup was bubbling on the stove. The parakeet was scratching its cage, and the business of finding a simple meal occupied Fred. He had gone to the pantry for cookies and was just opening the cupboard when a loud sigh came from Hilda's mom She was awakening She would rise open the door, and come out. Fred was certain-but when he heard the metallic noise, his fingers slipped from the curboard. He turned and faced the closed door.

Hilda was bouncing up and down. Hilda was rolling upon her bed. And then Fred beard a deep but muffled voice.

He began to tremble. He backed away from the door, guiding his retreat by touching the pantry woodwork. He backed into the kitchen, groped behind him for the table, and stood against it for support. He could not sit down. He did not want to escape by fleeing the kitchen. He held his breath until the voices ceased. And when Hilda's door opened. Mr. Leiboldt came from her room, unbuttoned and with his coflar loose

"Fred! W-what are you doing bome!" It wasn't the anger of righteousness. For the first time, Fred looked objec-

tively at his father. He saw a tall, portly man of fifty with graying hair and a body softened by easy living. Mr. Leiboldt's blue eyes glared with reddish light. His face, usually pale and smooth, was pink and distended.

"I-They let out school early." "You're a damned liar!" Mr. Leiboldt snapped. Fred ran from the house, mounted his

bike, and rode wildly down the street. He returned after dinner. The house seemed smaller to him, and he did not seek his father or the maid. Aunt Pauline was sitting in the darkened parlor when he entered, as if she could make lamps from her squinting eyes.

"Well!" she began, "Wby did you miss dinner, Fred?

"Because-!" She lit a lamp and looked closely at "I was away too, Fred. Shopping.

Hilda tells me you got home at noon." "Hilda?" he asked dully. "Yes." Aunt Pauline said. "Who else would know? Father doesn't get home till

one, or later. Usually." She was studying Fred with great care. He eved the rug at her feet, but she patted the couch and asked him to sit down. He obeyed studyingly.

"I want to talk with you, Fred. You don't have a mother. You have only me -and Hilds. I mean, there's just two of us to bring you up. Understand?"

HE SAID

"A hangover is when you don't want to come out of your room because you think your head won't fit through the door." WOODY ALLIN

He scowled at ber face, usually so tirht and prim, now endowed with a smile. She cleared her throat before continuing. "Fred. . . . If there were a choice,

which of us would you choose?" He frowned, and the frown gave him away.

"Why, you shifless whippernsapper!"

he shouted, "You're too young to be into that crock. And that tale I just told you

"Leave your father out," she warned. "I'm not including him."

When Fred didn't answer, his aunt cleared her throat again.

"And Fred. You're getting older. There are some things you ought to know.

We'll have a talk-one of these days. Her words sounded far distant. He watched her smile increase. She nodded brightly as he got up.

"All right, dear. I guess you've got homework. Do you mind if I stop by later to say goodnight?"

Aunt Pauline had never done this. As he left the parlor, Fred could not recall his reply to her question. He was hungry. He was already exploring the pantry cupboard when he noticed the kitchen light. Hilda was sitting at the kitchen table, mending his father's socks. She gazed at him briefly, then dropped ber head. A deep blush covered her neck. Fred took what ready food he found and went upstairs. He locked his door, His lights were out when Aunt Pauline

knocked and called his name. When be

did not answer, she went to her own

Aunt Pauline became the alarm clock in Fred's room. She nagged him to study harder, sent out his shirts to be washed, and was always home when he returned from school. Frequently, they did Fred's homework together, and more than once she gave him extra allowance. She had been a thin, dark, stringy woman, but gradually, on Hilda's food, she filled out and was less sallow. On a mild Saturday morning in May she knocked at Fred's door, came in, and sat on his bed. She

was wearing hat and gloves, and carrying a new parasol. "Fred dear," she said obserfully, "Remember about three months ago? I told you we must have a talk. . .

"You asked me to choose," he reminded her. "Between you and Hilda." Her face did not change. Her smile widened. Her grey eyes were serene.





"You're getting older, Fred. You're quite a big lad, really. I notice you like to sleep, and you cat more than your father does."

Her words puzzled him. Her tone was light, airy, brisk. He hlinked and waited for her explanation

for her explanation, "Fred, I'm going out of town for the whole day. Father won't be home before

tonight, either."

She was musing upon his pillow. Fred heard his heart-beats, and the dry lick of his aunt's tongue across her lips. Her

voice sank.
"But Hilda's staying home, dear. And
Hilda'll take good care of you. Treat her

well. Understand?"
He lay in the filtered sunlight another few minutes, then dressed quickly and want downstairs. The walffe-iron stood on the kitchen table beside the single only to fine the single only to first his jude, lift the walfe. The bis plate, and pour the coffee. Fred sie half the waffle. He was finishing his jude, lift the walf for the party He tooked up to find Hilds walfer his party. He tooked up to find Hilds walfer his party. He tooked up to find Hilds walfer his party. He tooked up to find Hilds walfer his party. He tooked up to find Hilds walfer his his the remaining his. Her mille was drawny, between the proposed and do to blush.

"Still hongry, Mr. Fred?"
"Yes, Hilda, What else have you got?"
She fluttered her long lashes, shrugged.

and turned around. She did not close the door of her room. Fred put down his cup and wiped his mouth.

Then he understood what Aunt Pauline was talking about. He pushed back his chair. There was

The pushed back his chair. There was still half a waffle on his plate. But Hilda's door was open. And suddenly half a waffle-or anything like it-was unimportant. wife he was saving extra dough was out of his mind

Pearly had four hundred dollars in four big bills tucked away in his high working shoes, money his wife didn't know anything about. Pearly wore those shoes with the money in them all the time. When he went to bed, he locked the aboes in his closet and kept the key in his wallet. He wasn't taking no chances.

Recently he had started promoting the station in hopes of boosting trade. He contracted for a steady one-inch ad in the local weekly newspaper. He also had five thousand circulars printed, which he had received from the printer just a week before.

The circulars were a bright orange in color. The printing on them was big and black, offering a free quart of oil with every purchase of 10 gallons of gas. The bold hendline declared: GET LUCKY AT PEARLY'S!

He turned over these circulars to his wife, and gave her careful instructions: "Take a hig bunch of these along with you every day until they're all given out. I want you to stick one under the wind-

shield wiper of every car in town. Cover a different section every day. The exercise won't hurt you none." His wife flushed, started to say somebling, but thought better of it. Pearly was all set to clout her good if she put up an argument and she knew it, too.

By 11 o'clock this particular night, Pearly left wom out. He'd cloced at 10 the night before and gone to Ganestown for some sport. Got home when it was starting to get light, but his wife didn't move an cyclash when he flopped into the Seck early and alsop the night through like she was dead. She was al-

ways askep when he got home, but he could wake her when he wanted to. Pearly debated closing up now. Business was always slow on a cloudy night. But he decided to wait for one more customer. The way he figured it, you never knew at that hour when you'd get a drunk in who didn't know a ten most from

It was getting along close to midnight when a car skidded in past the pumps and around the side of the building where the air hose was located. The generator started to throb out in the back room and Pearly knew the customer was putting air in his tires. Then the customer came around front. He was cold sober. Pearly opened the door and saked him if he

his birth certificate

wanted gas, oil, or both.

"Free quart of oil with every 10 gallons of gas," Pearly reminded him, thinking the stranger might have been attracted to the station by the circular distribution.

"Sorry mate," said the customer, "Just

needed a little oxygen for my wheels.

Don't mind if I use the bead, do you?"

He went to the men's room and Pearly

He went to the men's room and Pearly heard him slooking around the sink. Pearly had just finished mopping the rest room floors. That was great. Pearly gave the man a cold look when

he came out, blowing on his hands. Those free loaders!" the man said. "Bet you hate my guts, mate." Pearly shrussed.

The customer put a dime into the

candy machine and twisted the handle, but nothing happened. He tapped the machine gently and a chocolate caramel but and his dime dropped into the slot. "Fill take that dime," Pearly said quickly.

bar and his dime dropped into the slot.
"Ill take that dime," Pearly said
quickly.
"Heads you win, tails I lose," said the
customer, flipping the dime to Pearly.
He was a good-looking ruy with big
aboulders and a muscular neck. Though
his hair was gray at the temples he could-

n't have been past thirty. He had a steady pair of eyes and a dimpled chin. He sat down next to the pot burner and started to est the candy, biting at it cautiously. "I like candy," he said, "but my false teeth don't. Had the best act of ivories this

side of Singapore, and then I had to walk into it."

"Another cry baby," Pearly almost said aloud.

The customer nibbled at the candy and looked thoughtful. "Well," Pearly asked, trying to hurry it up, "how'd you lose them teeth?"

If µp, "how d you lose them teeth?"
"I'm the original hard luck kid," the
man answered, throwing most of the
candy har into the old oil drum that
served as a waste basket.
"I got discharged out of the navy back

East, and I took it slow and easy coming back to California. Nothing to come back to; lost everything I had in a fire. No insurance. That's why I joined the navy." Pearly yawned.

"I got as far as Chicago," the man comtinued, "and I stopped off and I met this girl at a bar. I wasn't out to make her. I just enjoyed talking to her. I can talk to women better than men, maybe because they're good listeners. "She was drinking too much. I told her

to quit. She wouldn't She said she couldn't stand her husband. I had to take her home in a cab. She was out like a candle in a windstorm when I got her upstairs. I had to undress her and put her to bed. I didn't touch her, believe it or not. She had some shape, mate.

"It was a really hot night, and I mean

hot. I never knew the real meaning of original sin until I spent a night in Chicago in the middle of the Summer. My skin felt as if it was crawling away from me because there wasn't enough air for both of us. I could almost smell myself burning. I figured a cold shower was the only thing that would save my life.

"When that cold water hit me, mate, steam came rushing out of my ears. I walked out of the bathroom soaking wet and the heat dried me out like a prune before I could get my shorts on. I was reaching for my units and her husband

came home.
"Jumped out the window and landed
on your teeth, right?" Pearly interrupted.
"Wrong," the man said. "She lived on

the fifth floor and I wasn't that scared. "Her husband was on the short side, smaller than you. I knew how it looked to him, so I told him just what happened. I didn't tell him his wife couldn't stand him because I guess I felt sovry for him. I can hate a man's guts, but he has my sympathy if he's an okay guy and he's supporting a woman who talks cheap about him.

"Anyway, her husband didn't say a word. He walked to the door with me. When I stepped out in the hall, he let me have it in the mouth. He must have been a pro boxer. Knocked out all my froat teeth. They were all over the hall like nebbles."

He sighed and reached carefully in his leather jacket and scratched his chest

with a stiff forefinger.
"Women have got me into plenty of trouble, bless them," he said, and he ran

his tongue over his teeth.

"You ain't the only man a woman
made look like a damn foot," Pearly told
him, and he thought to himself: "Wants
sympathy, Let him go to some woman

for it."

Pearly went to the back room and shut off the generator and turned out the flood lights and cut the power at the gas pumps. When he returned, the man stood up and stretched mournfully. Then with a quick, graceful move of his hand he

pulled a gun on Pearly. "Don't make me kill you," he told Pearly, and took more than thirty dollars and some change.

"He just thinks he's got it all," Pearly consoled himself bitterly, seeing the flat green image of the four hundred dollar bills tucked in his shoes.

"I can't take a chance leaving you here, so I'll have to take you with me to a safer place," the man said, forcing Pearly to tock up. He led Pearly to the car he'd arrived in and he made Pearly drive. He sat up front and had the gun pointed at Penly's stomach. That made Pearly so nervous be had trouble keeping the car on the road,

"You got all my money. What do you want with me now?" Pearly asked him.

of "Don't get scared, mate," the man i- said, "I don't believe in mugging." "Yeah?" Pearly managed to say, but

"Yeah?" Pearly managed to say, but he felt reassured. "Don't believe in stealing cars, either,"

the man added, as if to make conversation. He shook his head. "I was forced to steal this one."

Pearly hit the brake.
"Step on it, mate," the man urged.

"I don't want your company all night."
About six miles out on the road, half-way to Ganestown, the man decided to stop the car. A damp, nasty wind slapped Pearly's face when he got out with the man right behind him. There wasn't a house within miles; no traffic on the road

house within miles; no traffic on the road either. Pearly was in for a long walk to the nearest telephone. "You look tired, mate," he heard the man say. "You'd better lay down."

"You lying rat!" Pearly blurted, thinking he was going to be killed. "Don't get sore," the man said, pushing the gun into Pearly's ribs. "I'm doing

ing the gun into Pearly's ribs. "I'm doing this to protect myself. If I was the lucky kind I wouldn't have to do it. You won't get hurt if you keep quiet. Go on now, mate, lay down there."
Pearly did. He was beginning to shake.

lying on the side of the road face down.

Then he got sick. The man was removing Pearly's shoes. And socks.

SHE SAID:
"I've only got a 37-inch bust, so

nobody believes I'm Italian."

HE SAID:

"Familiarity breeds contempt—
and children."

MARK TWAIN

"Just my size," he told Pearly. "I'll wear them for luck mate."

Pearly couldn't control himself. He raised his head and cursed the man in a savage stream that ran out of his mouth

Eke tobacco juice.
"That temper of yours will be the death
of you yet," the man said softly.
Pearly bit into his lips and said no

more.

Keeping the gun pointed at Pearly, the
man yanked open the trunk of the car
with one hand and extracted a loosely-

tied rectangular bundle. He stood over Pearly with the bundle and meditated for a moment, whistling tonelessly through his teeth. "I'm going to tell you one more story before I leave," the man said suddenly.

"You can consider it a bedtime story if you like.
"It's about a girl I met in town purely by accident today. She'd been walking

by accident today. She'd been walking her feet off on an advertising job without pay. I guess she was just too good looking to be smart. "We got to talking and I offered to drive her home. She said she was so tired she couldn't refuse a lift, even from a stranger, so I drove her back to her place.

"Mate, her beautiful little feet were swellen up like melons. I got a hot pan of water and made her soak those poor feet. Then I massaged her toes, her arches, and her ankles. She said it felt wonderful.

"Then I massaged her calves to loosen up those tense, tired muscles. She said it felt marvelous.

Once I got to massaging her back we weren't strangers any longer. As a matter of fact, mate, it developed into a beautiful friendship. She told me all about her husband, and how he never paid any more attention to her than a roach. She said she'd been thinking about going back home and getting a disvore, but she couldn't scrape up the fare to make the trip.

"She put me on the spot, mate, because I knew it was up to me to pony up with the fare to prove I was a real friend. So I did, and I drove her to the bus station myself. I saw her get on the bus carrying one small suitcase. Everything

she owns was in it."

A layer of ice had been forming on

Pearly's heart while the man talked. He felt as if an iron stake had been driven through him, pinning him to the roadside. With a desperate showe of his hands, he raised up to a sitting position. As he did, the man swunr the bundle

in an arc and brought it down with full force on Pearly's jaw. Pinpricks of light showered inside of Pearly's head. Then they clustered into bright blobs which slowly faded and flick-

ered; and all the time there was the sound of a waterfall, which continued to rush in Pearly's cars long after the man stepped into the car and drove off.

Pearly eventually rocked to his knees, his bare feet tingling on the cold highway. The moon slipped out and silvered the trees and threw a bright glow on the ground where Pearly knelt.

His vision cleared enough for him to see a package split wide open next to him, w.th a portion of its contents spilled out. Uncertainty, he pawed at the open package and his fingers gripped a sheaf of paper. He swayed, and the sound of the waterfall began to get load again. He brought the sheaf of paper close to his face. It was a bright orange in color and

Pearly read no further than the big bold headline: GET LUCKY AT PEARLY'S!

had printing on it.

darkness

Then the moon ducked back into the pit of the sky, leaving him in the awful



Advice to the

Loveworn

(Continued from page 34)

Dear Mr. Wan:

I got a crush on the boy who delivers the ice. All summer long, he'd bring the ice around and every once in while he'd save a special piece for me. Now, with winter coming, I got a problem. We don't need ice in the winter, because we live in South America. All we got to do to keep the milk cold is put the cow outside. I won't see my boyfriend again until next October. What'll I do?

Frigid Bridget

Dear Frigid Bridget:

The thing to do is put in an electric refrigerator, Then find a serviceman who appeals to you. Everytime you feel the need of a friendly chat, pull out the plug and call the serviceman. He'll put the

Dear Mr. Wan:

plug in for you.

50

After many years of searching, I've found the girl who is the closest to my ideal I've ever seen. She's beautiful, huilt like Gina Lollohrigida on a windy day, pleasant to be with, got money and is generous with same. Only problem is that I like my eggs sunny side up and she can't make 'em that way, Should I give her no?

Henfruit

Dear Hanfruit What do you want, beer in your egg?

Dear Mr. Wan: I'm an old man. I'm 67 going on 68. My wife is 22 going. And about 18 coming. Anyhow, I'm beginning to get a mite suspicious that she's seeing another man. I'll tell you what aroused my suspicions. Other day she kept sending me out to get fuel for the stove. Everytime I'd come back, she stop me at the door and say, "Tah, not yet. Go get another load of fuel." Well, I'd go and get more fuel. And, like I say, I got suspicious, because we got an electric stove. What do you

Young At Heart

Dear Young At Heart: I think there's no fuel like an old fuel. . . .

Dear Mr. Wan: I'm a charming girl of 21. I'm married to an old jerk of 67 going on 68. He's old

enough to be my father, except my father is only 33-be was precocious. Anyhow, this old coot of a husband is very suspicious of me. And I'm generally faithful. How can I convince him that I love him madly? Restless Rhoda

Dear Restless Rhoda:

The best way to convince a man of your love is to flatter his ego. Tell him he's handsome, a terrific lover, the most wonderful man a girl could have. Of course, you could also try staying home nights.

Dear Mr. Wan:

This is a sordid story. My wife ran away with another man. So I had to have revence. I trailed them. I didn't want to take her back - Heaven forhid! - but I wanted to show them they couldn't do that to me. I found them in a motel, so I slashed all his tires. Now he's followed me and he's insisting that I pay for the tires. I wouldn't mind that, but he says that if I don't pay for the tires, he'll give me my wife back, What should I do? Happy Bachelor

Dear Happy Bachelor: Take your wife back, you cad. Is that

any way to talk to the woman who cooks for you, slaves for you, cleans for you, takes care of your children, washes your car, mows your lawn, mends your socks, etc? No. I repeat, no! Take her back. It's the least you can do. Besides, tires are expensive these days. . . .

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm in love with a married woman, Her husband is a baseball player and we are now looking forward to a very pleasant spring training season. Every-spring, he plays ball in Florida and we have a ball up north. Only the ray is retting on in venes and I'm afraid he'll be given an unconditional release one of these days, Then he'll be home all the time. It's a frightening thought. What would you suggest? Football Fan

Dear Football Fan:

Perhaps you could interest him, in his declining years, in the joys of being a traveling salesman. If you will drop me a penny postcard (and, since there aren't any more penny postcards, I double dare you) I will send you my free booklet, "A Pitch," or its new sequal, "Son of a Pitch." These tell him all about sales. I suggest you slip this to him somehowperhaps insert it in a box of Wheatiesand plant the seed of a new career. If he becomes a traveling salesman, you'll find he'll be away from home oodles. You, yourself, should glance over the booksyou might find the idea of a traveling career interests you, too. If you do decide to hit the road, be a pal and drop me the lady's address.

Dear Mr. Wan: I'm just 16. I'm 5'4", weigh 120, and

Dear Alfred:

my dimensions are 37"-24"-37". I'm blonde and my friends say I'm beautiful I wash regularly. Yet the opposite sex never give me a tumble. Do you have any hints? · Alfred

Try smoking a pipe. Or taking one. Dear Mr. Wan:

When I was just a child of 12, I was attacked and augusted by a boy of 17 who lived down the block. I was hig for my size, and old for my age. It left a mark on my whole life. Since then, I've been unable to have any truck with any boy who wasn't 17. That was fine for a few years, but now I'm 54 and it's kind of hard to interest 17-year-old boys. What do you suggest?

Bobby-Soxer

Dear Bohhy-Soxer: Look in the classified phone book, under "Psychiatrists" Tell him your tronbles. Seriously, I wish I could belo you

hut I'm 35. Dear Mr. Wan: It's horrible. I've just found out I'm allergic to kissing and, as I'm a normal, red-blooded boy, this has sent me into

a blue funk. Am I doomed to a kissless. loveless life? Is there any substitute for

Lippy Louie

There certainly is a fine substitute for

kissing. It goes under several names, but the nicest name for it is holding hands hard. I suggest the next time you get in a passionate frame of mind, you go out and visit an experienced girl. Tell her your problem. She'll probably heave a sigh of relief and explain the rest to you in elorious detail

Dear Lippy Louie:

kissing?

Dear Mr. Wan:

I work in a fish factory. We can cod. It's a fine job, with job security and pension plan and doubletime for overtimebut the joint stinks. And I stink when I come home. My wife says, "Good cod, what an odor!" And she'll have nothing to do with me. I hate to give up my job

but I hate to alienate my wife's affections. Which should I ditch-the wife or the

> Cologne User There's one ohvious answer. Get your

Dear Cologne User: No need to get in a fish stew over this. wife a job in the same stinky joint, Have her chop off heads. Then you'll both smell the same and I think you'll live happily ever after. You may run into a little trouble with your neighbors, but it'll be worth it. Let me know where you live, so I can be sure I live to windward.

After Big Bosoms, What?

so let us turn our attention to the next problem-after bosoms, what? Will it be girls' knees or big toes or evelids or hiceps or nostrils that make strong men weak and weak men evapo-

rate? The scientific approach points definitely to the often-maligned and usually

overlooked part of the human anatomy -the elbow. Why? Simple. The elbow is here to stay. It's an important part of our civilization-you can't bend your arm without an elbow. And the elbow bas some of the same qualities of the bosom-it is easily accessible, yet easily hidden: it comes to a point; it can be fondled without too much physical inconvenience; and, most im-

portant, there are two of them to each specimen. Visualize love-making a million years from today. The ladies wear nothing over the waist, nothing below the thighs. But their arms are covered, from shoulder to wrist. Daring ladies wear a slit sleeve.

Naughty ladies roll up their sleeves. Strip teasers wear bare arms. But, in this scene, we have a proper young lady with her proper sleeves. And the suitor, who picked her up one day in a tattoo parlor, is trying to make some

time. X-1237: (In this-age, everybody has a number, with the letter X standing for a boy, and the letter O for a girl.) Hi,

there, 0-9872, how's tricks? O-9872: Why, just fine, thanks, X-1237, how's it hy you?

X-1237: Pretty much the same, How about we go over to the pill store and get us a couple of bourbon capsules? O-9872: No. thanks, X-1237, I've get

to get home. X-1237: My, those are lovely sleeves

you're wearing. O-9872: Fresh! The idea talking about my sleeves like that. Such forwardness, X-1237: Oh. come on, kid. don't be

like that. You look like you have levely big elbows. O-9872: Stop that kind of talk! If you want to see elbows, go over to the hurlesque show. I understand there's a hra-

zen hussy there named Arms Finnegan with 1-inch elbows. She's your type, X-1237: I was only kidding, sweetheart, Look, I got you a present.

O-9872: Oh, what is it? I'm so excited. I love presents.

X-1237: Here O-9872: (She unwraps a gayly-

wrapped package. It contains a pair of tight-fitting, black lace sleeves.) Oh. they're gorgeous, Xy.

X-1237: Thought you'd like 'em. Go. ahead, try 'em on.

O-9872: Here? I couldn't, Oh. well, you're only young once, X-1237: (In a husky voice) Baby, you're levely. Oh, what elbows! Will you

O-9872; My hero! That's the way it will be. Elbows will be the thing. Flirting will be done with nudges. Girls will dress up formally in low-cut gloves. Cheese-cake pictures will feature girls with hig, bulging elbows.

Even later, as evolution proceeds, the elbow will wane, just as the tail has all hut been erased from man's memory. And, after the elbow, man will worship woman's horns. Yes, horns. "I see a definite indication that the

evolutionary process will sooner or later present the human being with horns," says Dr. Igor Beaver, the well-known horny scientist, "Already, there are certain signs-hair is getting thicker, some people are being born with holes in their head, where the horns will be, and such evidence-that horns are coming."

SHE SAID

marry me?

"A blonde has to be a lot smarter than a brunette because she has to go through life proving how dumb she isn't "

CLEO MOORE

You may well ask-why? Why, in this unending process of evolution, does Mother Nature consider horns important? Of what practical value will they be? They'll have many uses. Here are a

1. You can string wire on them for hetter reception of walkie-talkies. 2. You can carry two hats hung on

them when you can't make up your mind which one to wear.

3. You can carry doughnuts on them, for picnies.

(Continued from page 32)

4. One born can be sharpened, for opening mail. 6. The other horn can be made into a

corkscrew for bottles 6. With a large family, clothesline can

be strung between the horns and laundry dried thereon. So you see that Nature knows what it's doing. In the endless science of perfect-

ing the human structure, the horn is the next step. And it will be obvious that the male of the future will get very excited about the

female borns. A girl with hig. well-developed horns will wear her hair so as to show them off. A girl with skinny borns will wear her hair piled high. Hats will only be for prudes. Real sexy tomatoes will wear Italian haircuts-most of them already do.

After elbows and horns-well, modern science can only look so far ahead. Any, thing beyond would be pure guess. And science doesn't guess. One thing is certain. The bosom boom

will go hust. The bosom's days are numbered: (Nights, too.) All bosom men are advised to act accordingly. The next time you see a healthy, large expanse of womanly bosom, tip your hat.

"Hail to thee, bosom," you should say. "Hail and farewell." And, as the bosom silently sinks into

the sea of evolutionary history, we say a reluctant good-hye to one of the most colorful periods in the history of womankind It was a period that brought the bras-

siere, a garment slated soon to reside exclusively in museums, next to the loinskin, suit of armor and hustle. So let us say bail and farewell to the

brassiere, A. B. C and that monatrous D. It was a period that brought the lowcut dress, the posing model graciously bending over, the gags with men sticking grapefruit under their shirts, the love goddesses like Monroe and Mansfield and Ekberg, and jokes about headlights.

So let us say hall and farewell to the dresses, the poses, the gags and the girls. It's been grand, And to the bosoms themselves-per-

haps nature's highest achievement-fare-

And a rousing welcome to the sexy elbow.



Sarah Was

Not So Divine

(Continued from page 17)

We were a strange trio, Abbe, Barrie and I. Abbe and Barrie were the best of friends and shared the same apartment in Paris, but they had taken a sacred oath never to talk or greet each other while on tour or live in the same hotels. So on the eye of departure they shook hands, and from then talked only when playing opposite one another on the stage.

Their reason was a good one. On tour you are in each other's company day and night. After a while there is nothing more to say and you start hating everybody,

sometimes dangerously so. It was different with Bernhardt, She was constantly meeting new people and was occupied every minute. To let off

steam she had her servants.

When I broke the news to Sarah, she showed the same feigned indifference and collowness as she had on other similar occasions. In harsh tones that bore no trace of the golden voice which made her famous, she snapped: "Make the arrangements, notify Mea in Paris. She owns a plot in Pere La Chaise cemetery. Ask her what she wants done with the body." And then she almost threw me out of the room.

Although we had a solemn and sad

task to perform, Abbe and Barrie refused

to break their pledge of not speaking to

each other and an absurd situation de-

veloped. When Barrie made a succestion I relayed it to Abbe and vice versa. At times I had trouble to keep from laughing, but my two owlish friends remained grim and silent.

Meanwhile, we had received a wire from Mea asking us to spare no expense, have the body embalmed and bring it to Paris with us. So we set out on our

Many years have passed but I haven't quite been able to efface the memory of the city morgue in Moscow. It was an enormous room, unheated and if any-

thing, colder than on the outside. Rows upon rows of marble-topped tables filled the room. On nearly every table lay a corpse of some kind, a few covered with sheets, now frozen hard and more like boards. Here they were exactly as they had been found. Some victims of accidents,

suicides, operation victims, and some murdered. Men. women and children. massed together, all so very dead. It was a picture which could have been concrived by Hogarth, Somewhere among these lay poor Rebel. It was Barrie who found him Here he was as when removed from the operat-

ing table. I looked at Abbe and Barrie. They were pale as ghosts. I wondered if I looked the same. I must have. Abbe and Barrie didn't break their pact of not talking but I doubt very much whether at that moment they could have spoken had they wished to do so.

We had no difficulty with the undertaker who was to embalm Robel and supply the proper coffin. He began with expression of regrets, "Such a fine man." He didn't know Rebel from Adam, "Such a great actress-Madame Bernhardt.... Show me the body and I will demonstrate to you that in my business, I too, am a great artist." He did, at an exorbitant price for which he should have been hune.

That night at the theatre, Sarah saw me and said: "Ehbien La Loche?" (La Loche was the pet name she had given me. A loche is a small fat fish. I had fat cheeks then.) I simply nodded in response. She smiled and in that smile I read all the agony she had suffered by the loss of a great actor and a great friend.

After a few weeks the tragedy of Rebel nassed. We had 250 trunks with us and Rebel's coffin now made it 251. As we travelled from one country to another. it became quite the thing to ask whether Rebel was there. Even Bernhardt often asked: "How is Rebel? Comfortable, I hope."

We had many countries to visit before returning to Paris, Romania Bulgaria Turkey, Greece, Holland, Belgium and finally Paris. Rebel came along for the ride. It was lucky we returned to Paris before sailing for South America, the United States and Canada, Otherwise he might have come along, too.

Who will ever fathom the mind of the Divine Sarah? When we returned to Paris, she paid Mea the equivalent of \$15,000, the money Rebel would have earned according to his contract had he lived Rebel had his wish He was buried in the Pere LaChaise

cemetery. Everyone of note in the theatrical and literary world attended the funeral. All except Sarah Bernhordt And today she rests there herself-in eternal collage. . . .

We even makes saints of our prize

A Myth Is as Good (Continued from page 11)

beings goes far beyond the Hollywood species. Some of our best historical heroes have been for different from the myths we have created about them Columbus, for instance, was a beartless slaver and a bombostic prevaricator. It is recorded that he found the natives of Española-Santo Domingo and Haiti-to be "curious and merry, truthful and faithful," yet he did not hesitate to seize them to be sold into slavery in Europe. Then he established a system in the New World where grants of land were accompanied by lifetime Indian slaves! The system was so odious that the Indiana resorted to mass suicide rather than en-

On his return to Europe, Columbus became notorious as a teller of tall tales But, of course, the history books do not tell us this, for Columbus has become a national hero-and must perforce be a saint.

railroad builders was no more dangerous than the everyday occupation of the killer who bats steers on the head in a

fighters, of all people. One of the greatest of all time was a practicing pansy on occasion, but that is never mentioned, The man has been sanctified and no breath of scandal may touch bim. A more recently glorified boxing champion was such a coward that he used to dirty his underpants before a fight, but that is not in the public versions of his life. The glorification of phonies that flour-

ished in the old wild west has been a

marvelous thing to behold. William F.

Cody, whose job of slaving buffalo for the

modern abbatoir, was sanctified as Buffalo Bill by a notorious toss-pot and crooked writer of dime novels Jesse James, the American Robin

Hood, was a cruel, ruthless killer who rode with Quantrill's gang, the most inhuman bunch of murderers ever known. Jesse and his brothers and other coborts were mean, vicious killers and sneaking thioves, but don't try to tell the average American that. He knows better. He's seen Jesse the Just and his Knights in the movies and on TV.

Wild Bill Hickok, the nelf-styled Prince of the Pistolerr, was really a consummate liar who was his own best press agent. Most of the one-sided battles he said he won never even happened and most of the wild towns he was supposed to have cleaned up owed their comparative purity to others than he. Hickok was just a bragging bum, whose principal occupations were playing cards and with the painted ladies who frequented the

Billy the Kid, supposedly one of the Wild West's most brave crusaders, was in reality a moronic bum from New York's slums who had more rabbit than lion in his makeup. The Kid never gave a man a fair break-if an even-Stephen condition arose he would run if possible —and most of his victims were shot in the back or from ambush.

Just put a man in uniform and he automatically becomes a paragon, according to American custom. To mention that many of those who fought on our side in the Revolutionary War were rabble, turncoats and crooks is to court pun-

ishment for treason.

We cannot seem to realize that a bum is a bum and that slapping him unwillingly into a uniform does not make him automatically a Sir Galabad.

During World War II our cities were overrun with hoodlums in uniform who were accorded the laurels and tribute of conquering heroes.

What if the dirty heel had been lassoed by his Draft Board? What if he had never left the United States? What if he was a gold brick who divided his time between amassing a large bankroll with crooked dice and defying his superiors? What if he had raped the farmer's daughter near boot camp? He's in uniform, isn't he? So, he's a shining knight in

The story of the disgraceful happenings in San Francisco on VJ-Day has never been told.

armor

Under wartime crossorship rales, the substrities quickly suppressed accounts of the looting, raping and general heldrating including in hy thousands of jerky Nary boots who were undenshed on the vary boots who were undenshed on the was thoughtful mought to protect its own female personnel by confining them to quarters before the revel began. Most of these same pillagers and rapids returned to their own barlivicks to be lashed as heroes a short while after the disparater. Politicians being what they are, it is

bardly fair to blame the American public for deifying the men who seek our votes. We voluntarily glorify those in the public eye who do not seek such exaltation, so how could we be expected to resist a politician whose sole aim in life is to magnify his own magnificence? Nevertheless, it would have horrified

the public of a few years back to learn that a distinguished Senator from the south was such a notorious pervert that Washington tainuch companies of Washington tainuch companies from his office were not be a nascept, in the interest of protecting the virtue of their drivers. Or that another disaparished subletic drivers. Or that another disaparished Senator, this one from the North, practiced absertations so fifthy that he was denied entrance to Washington's more refund bouse of prostitution.

Nor would it do to have the people know that at least one man high in the State Department severed his connection with the government when his homoscumlity came to the attention of his superiors and that another even higher dignitary was strongly asspect.

The sanctification of sinners is not confined to the boobery, as the late H. L. Mencken used to describe us common folk. The intelligential worships certain restauranteurs whose backgrounds and even present-day activities are as murky as a Los Anneles error

as a Los Angeles amog.

One seamly, absolon keeper in particular is the acknowledged arbiter of matter and the seam of the sea

Another, and only slightly less important personage in cafe society circles, also is an exalled bartender. This one is basically so vicious that a noted newspaper editor once kept a crack reporter on his tail for more than a year, hoping to lay the onus for a particularly efficient nurder in the lap of the proprietor of the plush pub, or at least on the doorstop of his watering hole.

And so it is that we go right along in the Great American Tradition-gloritying beyond all justification those that we admire and love. It is inevitable that we shall continue to dely them, but we should always remember that they are primarily human beings—not gods and goddenses.

It is also entirely possible that any

one of them on today's pedestals may pull a booboo, strike a sour note, or climb into the wrong bed. If these things happen, they should make them even more appealing to us, for it will show that they are human beinga, just like every one of the rest of us.

I say down with glorification. Let us

A Word to the Wise (Continued from page 31)

the plum thicket down the road from her home, according to the plan.

And now we shall let Uncle Esau take up the story, in his own words:

"Folks are always asking how earne Elviry and me lived together all these years without having any arguments or fights. Well, I'll tell you about that; though, I'll shore have to admit I'm kinda aslasmed of myself about the way Elviry musta misunderstood me on the night we sot married.

"You see, it was like this: her pappy, Old Man Simms, never did care a whole lot for me; and, as far as that's concerned, I wasn't exactly crazy about him neither.
"When Eliviry and me did decide to
tie up, I made all the arrangements. But
after I made em, I got worried about
riding Old Kate. She was about sixteen
yeurs old then and, when a body rid
her, it abouty was just pure luck that
She was always atumbling. Sometimes,
she'd go plumh down on her knees and
unless a body was mighty careful, he was
unless as body was mighty careful, he was

liable to get throwed-clean over her head.
"O course, I knowed all about this, and
when I was sadding up, I told her:
"'Now listen here, Kate. I'm getting

married up tonight to the best looking lag in these hills. Me and her are siming to ride you over to Preocher Waton's and cet the fast clied. Now, dedthame you, and the last clied of the last clied. Now, dedthame you, and the last clied of the la

the work I'm ronna do today. You dean it up." Well, we could go on with this educational dialogue for a long time, but you get the picture. Since the dawn of history, men and women have been at each other's throats when they weren't at each other's

other parts. It's the Unending War, the battle between the sexes. But it's not a fight to the finish, because there's no finish. It's a war without possibility of permanent peace, no cease fire allowed.

If you talk to a historian, he'll tell you that at the root of all wars is economics. And this is one major cause of the Unending War, too, Money, What did you do with your pay check? Well, what did you do with the household money? These questions are every hit as war-provoking as international trade problems and tariffs and exports and imports.

To get back to our prehistoric friends. Oomrah and Skweezi, you can easily see how problems of low-finance can bring about domestic discord. It is later that same night. Compah. after he had cleaned up the deer carcass.

settled down with a pipe and the evening paper (The Neanderthal News). Skweezi was doing the dishes. In those days, one did dishes by scrubbing them with a dried bone from a detergentosaur. "Oompah," said Skweezi, "give me a

few pieces of klops. I want to go over to Mme. Gergo and get my hair dyed." "You had your hair dyed last week," said Oomnah.

"Yes, I know, but purple isn't my color. I think maybe a light green."

"How much costs light green?" "18 klops." "18 klops? That's outrageous. That

woman must think I'm made of klops. Noo-noo. There's a lot of bills to pay and my dues for the BPOE-the Benevolent Prehistoric Order of Egotists-and we have to put something aside for the kids' education. Noo-noo. You'll stay purple."

I must, Oompah. Be a sport, you crumb, What's 18 klops?" What's 18 klops? I'll tell you what's 18 klops-that's half a day's pay, that's what. I ain't gonna work a whole half day so you can go from purple to light green. You can jolly well go around bald, for all I care?

"You monster, I don't know why I ever caved up with you. (Note: this was long before shacks.) I should have run off with that two-headed guy from across the river like Mama said."

"Skweezi, I've told you and told you. Two-headed guys are dying out. They ain't fit and we're going through a period of evolution. Only the fittest is surviving. And two-headed guys are on the way

out. They can't get along in this modern world. Saw one of 'em last week. He was out at the gazelle-racing track and he tried to watch the nag he bet on and the rest of the field and in the home stretch he had a nervous breakdown. You're darn lucky you've got a good oldfashioned three-headed husband."

"Cheapskate." "Numbskull - purple-headed numb-

skull at that" And so it went. And so it goes today. Money is at the root of nine out of ten inter-sexual arguments, and those people having the tenth fight are independently wealthy.

There are ways and means for sane and calm men and women to avoid monetary strife One very happily married woman says her recipe for connubial bliss is for the wife to manage all the finances. Her husband nodded his hadly-battered head in agreement. Another theory is for the income to be put into a joint account, which is all right

But for most people, the ideal solution is one of budgeting. A budget is a fantastically successful operation, providing you have a huge income. The idea is to earmark portions of the money for certain set expenses-like rent. food, TV repairs and other necessities. Then you save what's left. I dare you.

HE SAID

if you live in a joint,

"Las Vegas is the only place in the world where you can have a good time without enjoying yourself," JOE E. LEWIS After money, probably the largest

single cause of disharmony between male and female is the basic question of who's got the easier life. It's the old problem of the grass always looking greener in the other fellow's sex. Men think women are lazy slumbeds, women think men are loafers. To illustrate, consider once more

Oompah and Skweezi. It's the next morning. Compah is tweezing his beard. Skweezi is frying the emu eggs.

"One-and-a-half over, lightly, remember," calls Oompah. "I know." Skweezi says, with a wifely

sigh, "Twe been frying your lousy eggs for 12 years." "Yeah, and half the time the vellow is all cooky," said Oomnah,

"So's your brain." "Your father's tusks," cleverly retorts Oompah.

"Look, buster, how's about retting a wiggle on. It's half-past and you're due at the plant in 20 minutes. Although wbv you bother going, I'll never know. Unless it's that secretary." "Miss McHonke is a lovely girl. And

very efficient. She gets out the invoices and sets in the outvoices faster than "Also she has long golden hair and a

figure like a rhinoceros." "I know she has a lovely figure, but that's not why I hired her. She's efficient, She takes some of the load off me"

Skweezi snorted. "Load? You mean the office parties and the tiger-tusk pool and the midmorning juniper juice break? Listen, you've got the best deal in this hemisphere. Probably the other bemisphere. too, only I can't be sure-hasn't been discovered yet?

"Don't let's talk about a good deal. babe. What do you do all day? I mean between gab fests with the girls and going to the beauty parlor and your other labors. Tell me once."

"Why, you no good baboon, I worked all day long to keep your cave clean and your kids in line and do the things around the place you should do."

If all this sound familiar, it should, Down through the ages, men have envied women, women have envied men-The only way to solve the problem is an actual switch one day a year. The wife goes to work, the husband stays home. At the end of the imperfect day, they wind up both envying the kids. Peace reigns in the household for, perhaps, three weeks. It is worthwhile

Third largest cause of marital maybem is infidelity, or the suspicion thereof. All that has to happen is the husband cast an approving eye at a shapely redbead at the next table in a restaurant, or the wife smile at a friendly (and handsome) gas station attendant, and all sorts of hell break loose.

Why should this be? Psychologists will tell you it has something to do with basic insecurity. But psychologists blame everything except the Dutch elm disease on basic insecurity, so discount that. Basically, everyone is insecure, even the 'sappily married people.

On the contrary, infidelity is much more likely to be caused by basic security. One feels secure in one's nest, so one soon feels courageous enough to try one's wings. It is the weak, insecure bird who stays home. Back to Oompha and Skweezi, Our

ancestors, tenaciously clinging to the beginnings of life, still had time for play It is dark. The two are lying down on

the cold rock floor of their cave, with a bearskin blanket over them. The campfire at the mouth of the cave is clowing feebly and outside huge monsters slor through the primeval mud.



"What was that?" says Skweezi, sitting bolt upright. "Something's in the cave Oompah."

"Aw, I'm half-asleep. It wasn't nothing but a piece of rock falling down, that's all. Go to sleep."

"No, I'm certain it's something. Maybe a tyrannosaurus rex.
"That reminds me. Who was that guy

I saw you waving at riding that light hlue tyrannosaurus rex the other day?" "Oh, you mean the convertible rex?"

"Yeah, with the power drive and hig teeth."
"That's my cousin Pflug's job."

"You never mentioned you had a cousin before." Now it is Oompah who is sitting bolt upright. (When they make Oompah's story into a movie, the part is a natural for that fine young actor, Bolt Upright.) "How is he related to you, pray tell?"

"My uncle from Piltdown, you know, mama's youngest brother. Well, his third wife's brother's child married Pflug's

first cousin."

"Ob, a close relative."

"No. he's not too close-very senerous

man, I'd say. Bought me a bear-blood soda at Mooward Johnson's. Lovely fellow."

"Yeah, well I think the next time I

see him TII batch in one of his skulls, just for the good of the family; just for the good of the family; "Jeadous, sh' Well, even if I did have a fing, which I didn't, it would serve you aright. The way you carried on with that little green-head at the fights the other night. With everybody watching, too. I was never so bumilisted in all my life." "Carried on? I didn't even talk to her." "The way vow were dancing, you didn't

have to say a word. EEEEEK! Look at

Pepito took Juanita for a ride in his old jallopy. They drove far out in the desert. Pepito stopped the car, took out

those eyes! There IS something in the cave, Oompah."

And they were then and there attacked

And they were then and there attacked and eaten whole by a marauding sevenfanged presleysaurus, a type of beast fortunately extinct.

But the type of family squabble they were indulging in has lived down to this day. And, the chances are strong that sides, And, the chances are strong that our descredants in the antispetic world of tomorrow will still suffer from pangas of jealousy. Only then there may be anti-jealousy pills to counteract the feeting. (Dosage: Take one before each meal and two before a big dance.)

The only thing for normally well-

adjusted morple to do about jealousy is to make clean breasts of every minor transgression. Even if you just look longingly at someone else, tell your spouse about it. Then you can never be accused of hiding things, you can never set trapped into having to lie your way out of tight spots (which always get you in tighter ones) and you can always fall back on your original story. There is one other way of being happily unfaithful to your wife (or husband as the case may be)-that's to plead chronic amnoria. Then you can run off for a week or so, come back and claim you lost your memory, and not only do you get away with your affairs, but get loving

sympathy when you come back. It does naise holy with your allowance, however. Those are the three prime causes of trouble between the sexes—money, emy of the other fellow's easy life, and jeal-ousy. There are, needless, to say, many more. Each family group probably has its own private sore spot, just as it has its own private family ide.

Here are a few possible trouble upots:

I. Caulifower. Some like caulifower well-does, some like it rare. If it happens that a bushand likes it one way, a wife the other, and that neither will give an inch, trouble can result. The same sort of trouble, chrisouly, can come from steak, calver liver, broccoi, or even toast. This might be classed as marital indigestion.

 Sunday mornings. Some people like to have hreakfast in bed. Other people don't. In some families, this can be a source of tension. The best thing to do is get rid of the beds, sleep on the floor. Nobody likes to have breakfast on the floor. Except Japanese, who have troubles of their own.

3. Alcohol. "Henry, you've had enough." That hrief statement is, next to the one that goes, "Now shake hands and come out fighting." probably the world's quickest invitation to a brawl. Another similar attempest that on, and

Another similar statement that can cause fisticuffs is "Alice, you've had enough."

4. Television. Would you rather see the ball game or "This Is Your Life?"
Ohviously, two TV sets in every home is the only way. Either that or smash the

the only way. Either that or smush the picture tube. And go to separate movies. 5. Dancing: She likes cha-cha-cha, he thinks there's nothing like a good oldfashioned for trot. The best way to a peaceful evening on the dance floor is to sit out both cha-cha-chas and for trots. Only dance the gavotte. And they play precious few gavottes these days.

6. Eyoglanes. She likes hig, heavy, glasses, likes high persy glasses. He thinks she should were more attractive, feminine, small frames. Or maybe vice versa; it doesn't matter. And it can be dresses or shose or hate or spats or his clothes or furniture or pictures or rugs or enything. When it's a question of tasts, and tastes differ, there's only one way to aveid a knock-down argue one way to aveid a knock-down argue neither of you like.
7. Arguments. Nothing breeds argue.

 Arguments. Nothing breeds arguments like arguments. It seems to be a contagious disease like influenza or bankruptcy. Don't argue for the fun of it. Be serious about it.
 Eimburger cheese. If one party to a

marriage likes limburger choese and the other doesn't, don't even try to work the thing out. Just go see your lawyer in the morning. And be sure to get custody of the gas mask.

That's the Unending War. Anything from limburger cheese to infidelity—an lead to a preliminary skirmish. And any preliminary skirmish can lead to all-out war. Without a UN mediator around to work out a cease-fire, too.

You have to be your own mediator.

Just remember the Golden Rule—do unto your wife as your wife would do unto herself. • • •

then grabbed Juanita and pushed her

The Quipping Post (Continued from page 22)
looked at the others and said: "He's nutthe back seat and threw it on the ground.

looked at the others and said: "He's nuttier than we are. Why, by the time be gets back, that pigeon will be a mile away."

Of course, you've heard about the illegitimate Rice Crispies? Snap and crackle ... but no pop. back on the cushion. As she lay there, Pepito tore her ragged dress from her scrawny little body. Then he stood over her.
"Juanita," he said, "Now I despoil you!"
Juanita looked up at him with her

limpid hrown eyes, shrugged her bony little shoulders and said resignedly: "Looks like."



"Of course, Old Kate couldn't talk back to me. But I was shore she knowed what I said; and the way things turned out, I was shore that it was just pure downright cussedness on her part that I had to do what I did. I was always ashamed of myself afterwards. But I guess it turned out for the best Leastwise, Elviry and me

never had airey word in anger in nigh on seventy-five years of living together." At this point in the story, Uncle Esau grinned a bit shyly and chuckled to him-

"Yes, Sir! Elviry and me lived together nigh on seventy-five years as man and wife and, I gannies, we never had airey fuss or argument in all that time. I kinda guess it was a bit unusual!"

Uncle Esau paused and looked up with a twinkle in his eye.
"Of course, Elviry was one of the most

understanding women I ever recollect of seeing. Seemed like she was always more than willing to agree with what I said or done.

"Well, that night we got married, El-

"Well, that night we got married, Elvity and me. And like I said, I rode over to the Simms place. It was about two makes the bother side of where I lived, and the simms of the side of the side of the outside the plum thicket." At this point, Uncle Esau's wrishled old face broke into a smile and his faded blue eyes twinkled emrily. He shock his bead. "I can just still see that thim silent figure a-standing there in the bright moonlight as plain

as if'n it had happened yesterday.
"Well, I pulled up Kate and said:

"Well, here I am, boney. Gimme your hand and climb up here behind me and we'll get going. That preacher is expecting us. You ain't afraid, are you? You still want to go on, don't you, honey?" "'Go on? Why, of course I want to go on,' Elviry told me.

"I reached down and took her hand and pulled her up behind me on Old Kate's back. She kinda giggled a bit and put her arms around my waist and helt on. I clucked at Kate and we was on our way. "I rannies, and I'll be dadgummed, we

hadn't no more than gone a hundred yards when that nag stumbled and danged nigh throwed us both. "I was made as all get out. I vanked

"I was made as all get out. I yanked back on the reins and said to that boss: "Didn't I tell you about that stumbling before I started out? Dadburn your

oracry hide! 'Member that I told you if n you got started stumbling around I was going to whale all hell outs you!' "Well, Sir, we rode on for a spell. Couldn't have been more'n a'nuthr hun-

Couldn't have been more'n a'nuthr hundred yards when she stumbled agin.
"Then, I gannies, I did get mad. I pulled up with a jerk,

"Listen here, Kate. You dang nitwit. I ain't a-foolin' with you. If'n you stumble one more time, I'm a-goin to climb down and just ever-lastingly whale the tar outa you. You hear me?"

"I knowed she heard me all right. She may bave been half-bline, but she shore as hell could hear all right.

"That's twice I told her, you know."
At this point, Uncle Esau slapped his
thighs with his bony hands and laughed.
Then he drew his corn-cob nine from his

I non no curw mis corn-con pipe from his hip pocket, filled it with bomemade tobucco, lit it and continued with his story. "That seemed to kinds sink in and I was countin' on making the rest of thetrip all right. But, dang my hide, we

Once Upon A Bedtime (Continued from page 21)

"Marriage isn't what it is cracked up to be."

Bill filled his glass with water, and,

Bill filled his glass with water, and, groping through the blackness, returned to his room. Without saying anything, be handed his wife the glass and lay down in bed.

It was, we have said, a very hot night. The woman beside Bill presently stirred and said, "It certainly is a scorcher tonight. Maybe, you could open the window more. Won't you please try, Roger?" The hair on Bill's bend stood up straight and perspiration began to flow profusely from his brow. Quickly and quietly he slid from the bed and stole from the room.

"Is that you, Bill?" Betty asked.
"Yes, darling, it's me."

"Where have you been so long, honey? Our wedding night too!"

"I must have fallen asleep in the bathroom." hadn't rode a hundred yards further when the old fool stumbled agin!

"That was just a bit more than I could stand. I climbed down off n her and hunted around in the dark at the side of the road til I found a elm club. Then I gannies, I lit into her. I changed nigh knocked her down. I hit her ontil she staggered and reared up and danged nigh unseated Elviry. I grabbed the reins and snaked her again with that club.

"That's three times,' I told her. 'Maybe you didn't think I meant what I said.' "Elviry got kinda scared and started in beggin' me not to beat up that pore old bline mare.

old bline mare.
"I did kinda feel ashamd of myself but I knowed it wouldn't ever do for me to allow her to get the idea into her head

that she could bully raz me.

"So, I hit that hoss again! 'Twas a
whoopin' big wallop, too. Then I turned

whoopin' big wallop, too. Then I turned to Elviry and said: "'That's once for you!'

"I gannies, that shut her up.
"I climbed back onto Old Kate and

we rode to Proacher Watson's and got booked up. Elviry ain't never tallact look to me in mor's ascenty-four years. I often wonder fin I scarrd her, Lohrer did feel n bit ashamed of myself, but I never tet on like I was. Maybe that's the reason she ain't never give me no sass. Maybe she thought I'd lash her like I did Old Kate. Maybe she respected me because I kep' her guessin'. Reckon that could be it'm In view of what experience I've had

with women, this probably is as good an explanation as any. What do you think?

Betty extended her hand for the glass of water but Bill had no glass to give her. "And—you didn't bother to bring me a drink?"

"Gee, I forgot, I'll be right back, darling."

In the bathroom, Bill found Roger still

sitting and now fast asleep. He shook him roughly. "Wake up, old man! You're paying for a bedroom." Roger rose unsteadily to his feet, and, taking his tumbler, went to his room. He

affectionately pinched his wife's arm and handed her the glass.

"What's this, Roger," Evelyn asked, "another glass of water? You must have misunderstood me, darling. I only asked vou to open the window. Never mind

now. Come to bed."

That's the end of the story, except we shouldn't forcet to mention that Bill

Simpson had a head of hair unmistakably red.

Things like this happen, sometimes. As the pregnant cashier in the Grand Union said to the pregnant cashier in the A&P, "There ain't no Safeway."

The madam couldn't understand it. Here she was operating one of the classiest joints in town, offering the greatest variety to be found for miles around and all night long a steady stream of customers had asked for only one girl, Mabel. Finally the madam could no longer contain her curiosity so, throwing aside her customary professional discretion, she asked the next patron:

"What makes all you men want Mabel? Here I've got beautiful blonde girls, gorgrous red-heads and stunning brunettes, but everyone wants Mabel, who's crosscyed, fat and grey-haired. I can't understand it."

"Why, hadn't you heard?" said the customer. "She's giving away trading stamps."

The way the native explained it, the difference between Wyoming and Marilyn Monroe is that Marilyn has two Buttes.

The young miss was explaining about her newborn son to ber disapproving parents.

"Well, anyway, he should be perfectly antiseptic," she pointed out. "He came

d about as the result of my drinking would a alcohol."

* * *
The dude who married the western cowgirl says he doesn't know whether

his bride is bow-legged or pleasure bent.

* * *

Conversation piece:

Two secretaries were discussing the new boss.
"Doesn't he dress nicely?" sighed the

first.
"Oh, yes," marveiled the second. "And so quickly, too!"

The fresh-caught teen-ager was on his first date, which had been a movie with another twoosume, and he was riding bome in the back seat of his friend's car. He sat reservedly on his side, and his date, who was not necessarily older but definitely wiser, suggested:

"Aren't you ever going to put your arm around me?"
The lad blooked

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," he said.
"My mother told me if I touched a girl

"My mother told me if I touched a girl I'd die."
"That's nutsyboo," retorted the girl in the language of her age. "Look at Ed and his girl in the front seat. They've been necking since we got in the car and be

sure looks alive from here."

The boy studied the front-seat huddle

intently. It certainly was not a death scene. So he moved over. His arm went around the girl, and then, in a moment of abendon, his lips found hers. Suddenly be pushed ber away and sat

petrified, staring at his middle.

"Now see what you've done," he
moaned. "Mother was right. Rigor mortis
is settling in already!"

Comes now the month's shaggy dog story whose unfortunate hero is a trusting Scotty out for a solitary walk during a blackout in wartime England.

a mackout in warting England.

At the first corner he heard the patter of another dog's paws. He paused,
sniffed, and inquired, bopefully, if perhaps it were a female Scotty.

It was, and in due course they repaired to an alley even blacker than the blackout, and there went about romancing. And finding the results most pleasing, our Scotty arranged for another date

ing. And finding the results most pleasing, our Scotty arranged for another date for the next blackout, When the sirens wailed again and the lights went out, there he was on the cor-

ner, sniffing with anticipation. There was a patter again, but it didn't sound right. "You're no female Scotty, are you?" be asked across the curb.

he asked across the curb,
"I'm not," said the other dog, testily.
"I'm a male airdale. But I have a date
right here with a female Scotty."

"I'll be dogged," wailed our hero.
"Aren't bitches women?"

Diamond Dust (Continued from page 4) members of the sect will do no other kind

Most of the Plain People will smoke (any given amount, as they say around Lancaster) and they have been known to sneak a snifter of schnapps on occasion, but they will not use electricity, drive cars, drink tap water or allow any kind of mechanical devices on their farms. Nor are they allowed to fraternize with outsiders, except to transact business, at which they are very astute. Furthermore. while the wedded people are allowed to ride in closed carriages, no unmarried couple can use anything but a rig entirely open to the weather ("I guess the elders want to see what's going on when the young 'uns go ridin'." explains a LancostoFite)

All this might lead you to believe that the Plain People endure dull lives, devoid of all pleasures, but a glance at the map of their section of Pennsylvania shows that this probably lank true. Just outside Lancaster is a town named line in Hand. A few jumps beyond that is latercourse, a thriving village which located just this side of Pamedise.

As they say down there, such schmoozling never I seen. Jem Dandy, having caught up with the preceding paragraph, is trying to raise capital to start a newspaper in that wonderful P-Dutch town. He wants to call it the "Daily Intercourse." How could you miss, be muses, with the slogan: "Watch our circulation grow."

"It's getting so," said slim but neverteless mitty Erichis import Joan Collins the other day, "that if a gith has a 78-inch bust, she's an instant star." It you get out a tape measure, it will not be hard to figure that Joan has dreamed up a nice but overwhelming hit of hyperbole. Italiani import Rossans Rory's more lost in import Rossans Rory's more found saipe at the bosom-or-bust battle can be found among the "She Said" jems seattered about this issue.

For a really solveing assect of the

whole situation, we suggest you study the scholarly dissertation starting on puge 32 entitled "After Bosoms, What?" Jem Dandy insisted that it be classified under faction, but who can deny the evidence of evolution?

If you would rather dwell in the present, Anita Ekberg's mammarable emotional heavings in "War and Peace" (to say nothing of her appearances in JEM) should bring you back to today's realities. Since Henry Fonda was in the Tolstoy cpic, too, we were reminded of a real-life scene from Hank's wartime life in the Pacific. He was at an officer's club dance on

Gusmone evening, and while the member of the host-dub had prudently provided themselves with dates from the available supply of Navy pursaes, Hank was attendated to the supply of Navy pursaes, Hank was attendated and it was arranged that he dance with one of the nursea, a lieutenant commander with a tumble-home to her box somewhere between the Monroe and Edberg architecture. Hank assumed the Leben suddenly backed off and turned to a friend morrod to the bar. "Here," he said, reaching into this shirt."

pocket. "Hold my cigarettes, will you?" He paused, and realization lit bis face. "My gosh," he said, not without awe, "there aren't any cigarettes in there."

As we recall the incident, Hank had his sleeves rolled up at the time. For further significance on that intelligence, we refer you again to "After Bosoms, What?"

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